The Outlook

Volume 140 August 19, 1925 Number 16

Tainted Money Again

THE action of the Board of Regents of the University of Wisconsin recently has attracted the same kind of attention to Madison that the Scopes trial brought to Dayton. In this case, however, Fundamentalism expressed itself in political rather than religious terms as applied to education. In so far as they could, the Regents established the future policy of the State University, as opposed to gifts from private endowment funds, in adopting a resolution against the acceptance of a donation from the General Education Board. No reason was stated in the resolution, but in the debate one Regent declared that the money from corporations was sometimes acquired by methods to be condemned.

Writing from Madison in The Outlook for July 29, Stanley Frost gave a clear analysis of the political scramble in Wisconsin for the toga of the late Senator La Follette. In great measure the resolution adopted by the Board of Regents of the Wisconsin State University reflects this scramble. It is far more of a political gesture than an epoch-making step in the rapid growth of educational institutions in this country since the war. Public opinion, even in Wisconsin, is more prone to regard this anti-capitalistic stand against "tainted money" as an episode rather than anything definitive.

Money in Wisconsin politics is a target instead of a ladder. Everybody who runs for public office has to have some money, not to spend, but to shoot at. And for Wisconsin political marksmanship the Rockefeller millions are like the side of a barn. Twelve out of the fifteen Regents whose volley was directed against the Rockefeller General Education Board were appointed by the present Governor of Wisconsin, James J. Blaine, a candidate for the vacant Senatorship and for the implied Progressive leadership that goes with it. A little thing like consistency bothered them not at all. Cheerfully they granted leave of absence to Dean Russell, of the Agricultural Department, to proceed on a mission to the Near East financed by this same General Education Board, and they approved the solicitation of funds for the Memorial Union, a more than million-dollar structure, from malefactors of considerable wealth outside the lists of the alumni. And this in spite of the fact that La Folletteism regards the possession of money in unusual quantities as prima facie evidence of corruption. As a Madison editor said in characterizing this breadth of view, "If you can find any man with a dollar and a half in his pocket, he's a crook."

But perhaps behind the political gesture lies something finer, something independent and healthy. In its last session the Legislature voted more than $7,000,000 for a building fund and were stoutly supported by the taxpayers of a heavily taxed State. There is an element of dignity in the position of a university that has thus proved its value to the people as an investment paying dividends in service.

In the rush for endowments universities are in danger of incurring embarrassing obligations; but there are ways of avoiding them. And there is another danger—that, for instance, of pharisaism.

The Tennessee Evolution Law in the Federal Courts

AFTER pursuing assiduously the wrong way for a long while, John Randolph Neal, who will be remembered as chief counsel for John T. Scopes, has started on the right way to test the validity of the Tennessee anti-evolution law. He, as attorney for a taxpayer and patron of the public schools, has begun an equity proceeding in a Federal court asking for a temporary injunction restraining the officials of Tennessee from enforcing the law which prohibits the teaching of the theory of evolution and for a final decree and judgment declaring the act void on the grounds that it deprives the petitioner, James Robert Wilson, of Rhea County, of his liberty and property without due process of law, and that he and other citizens will be denied the equal protection of the law, in violation of the Constitution of the United States. Specifically Wilson, who is a man of considerable means and is the father of five children, alleges that because of the anti-evolution law it is impossible for his children to obtain a modern education in the public schools of Tennessee, that he will have to withdraw them from the public schools and place them in other schools, and that he will be damaged thereby in the sum of $3,000.

This petition, in the filing of which Neal was joined by Clarence Darrow and Bainbridge Colby, may or may not be sound, but the filing of this or a similar petition either in Federal or State court or both would have been the proper way to undertake the test of the law at the outset. But even this right way appears to be rather futile now, since most of the damage that could be done by going the wrong way was done at Dayton. The Scopes case is now before the Tennessee Supreme Court on appeal, and within a month or so will probably be taken on appeal to the United States Supreme Court, and may perhaps be decided finally before the Wilson injunction suit comes on for final decision. It may be, however, that a point is raised in the new proceeding which was not raised in the Scopes case.

The Tennessee law is again the only anti-evolution law before the courts. The District of Columbia proceeding, growing out of a provision in the appropriation bill forbidding the payment of salaries to school officials who permit teaching in disrespect of the Bible, has been dropped.

Profits or Service

SENATOR MCKELLAR, of the Postal Rate Commission, at its continued hearings in New York City remarked that the zone rate has come to stay and that there is "no more chance of getting it changed than of flying to heaven." But that the system is unprofitable to the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Post Office as well as burdensome to publications was shown by testimony that big circulation periodicals were sending copies by freight and distributing by local mailing or by boy power. Thus one circulation manager says that "twenty magazines with a joint circulation in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, of 55,000 sent their periodicals by freight for three months, yet the postmaster at Harrisburg, when asked if this loss of business meant that the postal staff under him had been reduced, answered that it had not." The circulation director of the "Pictorial Review" reported that it was not encouraging additional subscriptions by mail because of the increased postal rates.

The fallacy of basing rates for different classes of matter on the pro rata use of postal facilities by each class was exposed by Mr. Arthur J. Baldwin, representing the National Publishers Association, when he said that, "if such a principle were recognized by rate-making bodies, then a car-load of coal would pay the same freight rate as a car-load of silk, and a night-letter telegram would pay the same rate per word as a fast day telegram."

The newspaper side of the rate question was ably presented by Mr. Wiley, of the New York "Times," and Mr. Davis, of the "Herald Tribune." They pointed out that the newspaper companies did part of the postal work by sorting, bagging, and delivery at the trains, that zone rates hindered wide diffusion of intelligence, and that the extra rate on advertising pages was a tax rather than a payment for service.

In time the Government statisticians may get the idea that the Post Office is not selling goods, but giving service—not to publishers, but to the people who want and need the periodicals.

Not a Casus Belli

As this is written two youthful Americans whose claim to fame rests on the fact that they can run one hundred yards in ten seconds or less are *en route* from Europe to this country, concluding a tour of the world. During that tour, which has lasted three or four months, they have given exhibitions of their fleetness of foot in many lands. In fact, it might almost be said that theirs has been a "sprint around the world."

All went well until they reached Germany. There one of them ran afoul of the accusations, by German athletic officials, that he demanded excessive expense money. As a result of that accusation, the justice of which both deny, prizes which one of the pair won a few days after in England have been ordered held up.

William C. Prout, of Boston, formerly the President of the Amateur Athletic Union of America and now chairman of that body's Committee on Foreign Relations, promises that there will be an intensive investigation into the matter upon the arrival of the athletes in this country. If so, the investigation will be only the latest in a series of several investigations which have been necessary in amateur track sports recently. The most notable of these was that which was an unfortunate feature of the visit in this country of Paavo Nurmi, the Finnish marvel.

International amateur competition long has been considered a means of cementing international friendships, and that doubtless has often been true, as in the cases of the international polo matches, the Davis Cup contests in tennis, the Walker Cup matches in golf, and the recent track and field events in which representatives of Oxford and Cambridge competed in this country, first against Harvard and Yale at Cambridge, and then against Princeton and Cornell at Atlantic City; but it has not been true of some of the other international track contests which have taken the form of "invasions" of other countries by individuals or by small groups of individuals.

The field of amateur track athletics has an international governing body which is composed of representatives of about thirty nations and is an outgrowth of the quadrennial Olympic meetings. In cases such as these mentioned that body or the representatives of the nations concerned should take pains to determine whether the athletes or the men directing the meets in which they compete are culpable. Then they should clean house.

While international athletic squabbles are not likely to threaten the peace of the world, they do not encourage good understanding between the nations. Incidents of this kind, which result in the casting of slurs on the sportsmanship of one country by another, cannot always be prevented. Wherever they can be they should be. When they occur, they should not be magnified, but should be used as a means of educating public opinion in the art of good sportsmanship.

Where Ignorance Is Not Bliss

There is little moral substance in the contention by President Lewis, of the United Mine Workers, that because the anthracite operators through their leader, Mr. Warriner, have outside the conference stated that they did not mean to grant the check-off or a rise in wages, therefore further sessions of the conference are useless. Pray, what are conferences for, if not to convince or win to compromise?

Neither is the consumer, whose comfort and pocketbook are endangered even by threats of a strike, favorably impressed with the mine workers' explanation of the reason why they bluntly refuse arbitration. Mr. Lewis says:

> We really do not care to arbitrate. Thanks for the offer. We know that you think the medicine will be good for us, but frankly we have little faith in your diagnosis. It will be long before we recover from your previous arbitration treatment, and until we do we will modestly decline to accept your prescription.

When asked what this unfair treatment was, Mr. Lewis replied:

> I referred, of course, to the arbitration proceedings of some years ago when the final decision of the arbitration was changed between twilight and dawn.

Perhaps the consumer ought to know just what this means, but he doesn't. This sort of thing might be all right in a private commercial bargain, but if one thing in the coal question has been finally settled, it is that fuel supply is a matter of public concern. The people—who are neither miners nor operators—want to know, and mean to know.

We have already spoken of the neglect of the last Congress even to discuss the recommendations for legislation by the Coal Commission of 1923. One point in this phase of the subject is well put by the New York "World" editorially:

> If Congress had provided constant publicity for carefully gathered figures upon costs, prices, and profits, we could form a judgment upon the present quarrel.

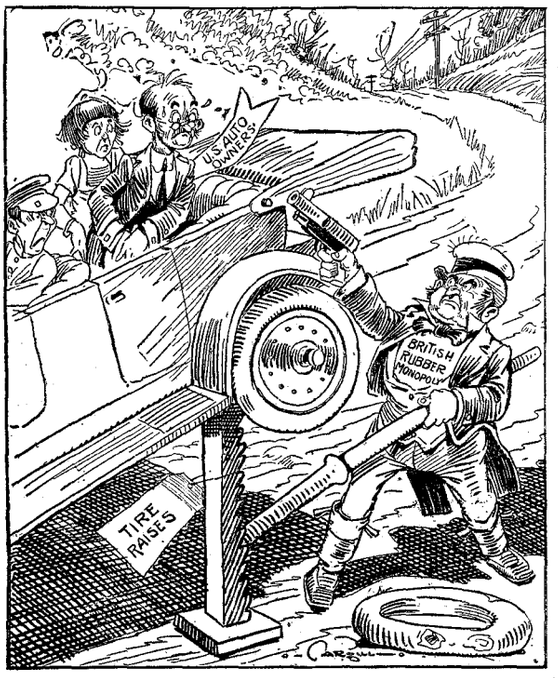
Both sides in the anthracite controversy are offending the public desire for openness and fairness and are leaving the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Progress more and less

(All's Well that Ends Well, Act V, Scene 3)

Cargill in the Rocky Mountain News



Hi jacked!

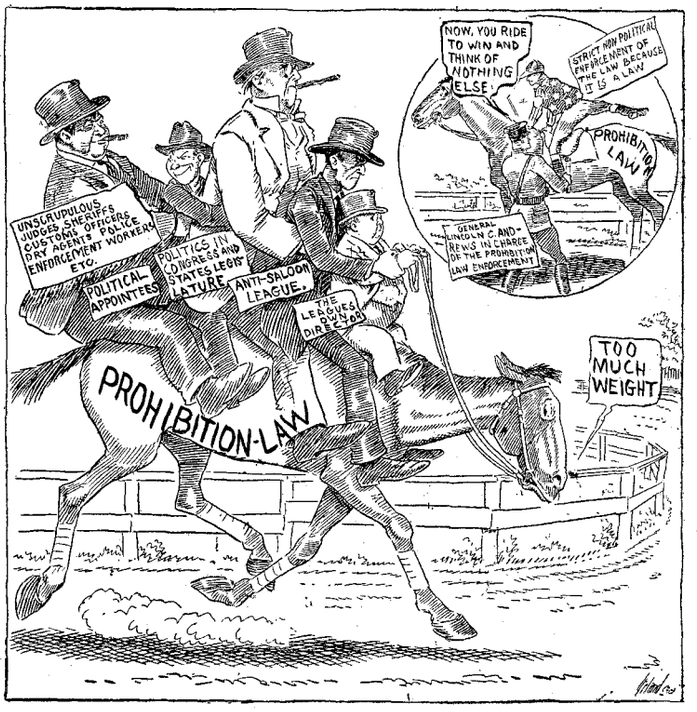
From T. H. England, Fort Collins, Col.

Berryman in the Washington (D. C.) Star

The new Neptune

From Will C. Barnes, Washington, D. C.

Clubb in the Rochester Herald


NOW, YOU RIDE TO WIN AND THINK OF NOTHING ELSE!
STRICT NON POLITICAL ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAW BECAUSE IT IS A LAW
PROHIBITION LAW
GENERAL LINCOLN C. ANDREWS IN CHARGE OF THE PROHIBITION LAW ENFORCEMENT
UNSCRUPULOUS JUDGES, SHERIFFS, CUSTOMS OFFICERS, DRY AGENTS, POLICE, ENFORCEMENT WORKERS, ETC.
POLITICAL APPOINTEES
POLITICS IN CONGRESS AND STATES LEGISLATURE
ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE
THE LEAGUES PUSSYFOOT DIRECTOR
TOO MUCH WEIGHT
PROHIBITION-LAW

The horse has never had a chance

From Walter N. Bangham, Columbus, Ohio

Ireland in the Columbus Dispatch

You've got to carry your driver's license these days

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

impression that they would sooner have industrial war and high wages and prices than peace and lower prices.

Better Americans Coming

It is cheering to get from adequate authority assurance that under the new Immigration Law America is getting more promising newcomers than has been the case for a score of years.

In an interesting article enlivened by human experience and understanding Mr. Henry H. Curran, United States Commissioner of Immigration at the Port of New York, tells the story in a recent issue of "Collier's Weekly."

One striking phrase used by Mr. Curran is "The human harvest that now comes to us out of Europe is a harvest of youth." That is to say, the average age is much less than it was before. It is always of advantage in thinking of the future welfare of the country to deal with young, vigorous, and impressionable elements rather than with those who, as the Commissioner says, came "weary and worried, burdened with two and three score years and more, and ever with a look backward toward Europe." The new influx is truly looking forward.

How has this come about? Partly, of course, because of the check in the numbers coming in; but even more, we judge, because America is now picking and choosing the kind of immigrants it wants. This selective principle might be carried much further, and ought to be. Yet it already is showing good effects. Practically, the American consul was formerly not much more than a rubber stamp. His visé simply said that he had found the alien's passport in proper shape. Now, the consul has power to refuse his visé if he "knows or has reason to believe that the immigrant is inadmissible to the United States under the immigration laws." It does not need argument to convince intelligent people that the selective power can be used to immensely better advantage at the sailing point than at the point of arrival. Mr. Curran's article shows, when once an alien is at Ellis Island, unless the case against him is a desperate one, friends, relatives, and whatever political influence can be brought to bear are all let loose on the authority at Ellis Island, with probable appeal to Washington, the result of which no man can foresee. There is naturally also some reluctance to impose on the steamship companies the cost and trouble of returning undesirable immigrants after the consul has viséd passports.

In short, we now have supervision at the beginning as well as at the end of the migration. The result is that only one out of every one hundred immigrants coming into port is now sent back.

It is also true that the bulk of our present immigration—and most of it comes through New York and Mr. Curran's hands—has changed in its racial character. We now have five immigrants from the northwest of Europe to one from the south and east; and one comment made upon this by the writer of the article is that the incomers from Russia, Poland, the Balkans, and the Mediterranean were "comparatively indigestible."

Wide World Photos

Henry H. Curran

Evidently America is on the right track, and its progress should be in the future more and more toward quality, fitness, and the actual needs of this country.

Making Transportation by Air Practical

A new chapter in the history of transportation by air in America was begun a few days ago with two announcements. One concerned the airplane, and the other the dirigible. Each announcement indicated that men of affairs with great financial resources were preparing for the coming aerial age.

On August 6 it was announced that a division of the Ford Motor Company would be devoted to the manufacture of metal airplanes. This will not involve the creation of a new plant, but the acquirement of the Stout Metal Airplane Company at Dearborn, Michigan. Mr. Stout, former head of the airplane company, remains, it is understood, as operator of the new division. Airplanes to be manufactured will be used at first by the Ford Company in service between the several manufacturing and assembling plants in various parts of the country.

Four days after this announcement was given out there was published a statement concerning a proposed company for the establishment of a system of transportation between some of the principal cities of the country by means of dirigibles, ultimately to be of a type "capable of carrying a hundred passengers with baggage and forty tons of freight." The men whose names were announced in connection with the formation of this Company are John Hays Hammond, Jr., Herbert Satterlee, and General Clarence Edwards.

As practicable additions to our transportation system both these projects are still embryonic. A considerable period of experimentation must precede anything like public air service by either company. Moreover, nothing on a great scale can be accomplished in developing public transportation by air without the enactment of a National air law. For some time there has been before Congress a measure known as the Winslow Bill, which would provide for air navigation the legal safeguards which it must have. When Congress reassembles, one of its first duties should be to perfect and enact that measure.

An Oratorical Editor

John Temple Graves, who died recently at his home in Washington, was one of the last survivors of an old order in journalism. Perhaps it was an order peculiar to the South. It included such men as Grady, Watterson, and Hemphill. The most distinctive superficial feature was that it adapted oratory

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to the editorial. There was, however, an underlying purpose. These men—with the exception of Watterson, who was older—came onto the journalistic stage in the years following the Civil War. They set themselves the task of building a new structure on the old foundation, and they adopted the form of word appeal best known to the old South—oratory. They were genuinely orators in print.

Watterson and Hemphill were not orators in the usual sense. Grady and Graves were. Graves may not have been the equal of Grady in that regard, but his platform activities extended over a period much longer. Long after he had ceased to be a power in journalism he continued to exert considerable influence as a lecturer. In his prime he was editor of papers in several Southern cities, but mainly in Atlanta. He went into eclipse as an editor when he sold the Atlanta "Georgian" to Hearst and accepted as part of the price the nominal position of editor of the New York "American." He was never actually editor of that paper and was perhaps never in accord with its policies. In his latter days he wrote editorials for two small Southern dailies, one in North Carolina and the other in Florida.

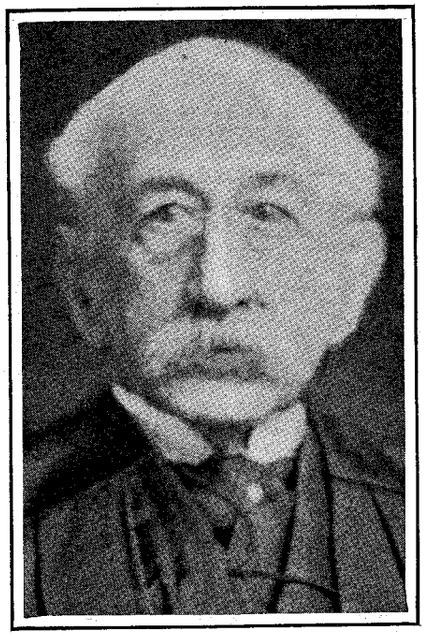
John Temple Graves, however, never ceased to be a useful man. His greatest interest during the last ten years of his life was the Lincoln Memorial, now fairly completed, at Washington. His was the most active influence in bringing that notable work to completion, and, as a member of the Fine Arts Commission, he was largely instrumental in the launching and carrying forward of the numerous improvements of an artistic character which are making Washington one of the most beautiful cities in the world.

George Gray, of Delaware

A STATE that had in immediate succession two such able and intellectual representatives in the United States Senate as Thomas F. Bayard and George Gray can afford to forget that at one time a man named Addicks boasted that he carried Delaware in his pocket—a belief of which he was quickly disillusionized.

Judge Gray died in Wilmington on August 7 at the age of eighty-five, with a long and unusually varied record of public service. He leaves a reputation of never-questioned integrity, of intellectual clarity, and of administrative usefulness. He had the steady force and immovable purpose of Grover Cleveland, and he had qualities that Cleveland did not possess.

In this day of threatened coal strikes and coal shortage one recalls the fact that Judge Gray was Chairman of the Anthracite Coal Commission appointed by President Roosevelt of his own motion



Paul Thompson

George Gray

and on his own authority in 1902. In a letter to Judge Gray after the strike was settled Mr. Roosevelt wrote: "When you were appointed, we were within measurable distance of a great National calamity. By your acceptance of the position and the wisdom, fearlessness, and absolute fairness of your course since, you not only averted that calamity but performed great and lasting service to the Nation." The words applied to all the members of the Commission, but peculiarly to Gray.

Later, in commenting on that episode in America's economic development, Judge Gray said of President Roosevelt:

> He was without legal or Constitutional power to interfere, but his position as President of the United States gave him an influence, a leadership, as first citizen of the republic, that enabled him to appeal to the patriotism and good sense of the parties to the controversy and to place upon them the moral coercion of public opinion to agree to an arbitrament of the strike then existing and threatening consequences so direful to the whole country. . . .
>
> I do not think that any President ever acted more wisely, courageously, or promptly in a National crisis. Mr. Roosevelt deserves unstinted praise for what he did.

The great Republican and the great Democrat looked at the need of the country in a crisis in exactly the same way.

The list of Judge Gray's attainments and services is long and of solid rather than sensational values. He was a Democrat, but he was not a Bryan Democrat and he boldly refused to go into the silver vagary. He did not want to see the Philippines annexed, but neither did he, after annexation, want to hand them over to Aguinaldo, Spain, or Japan. He sat in two important international commissions, one dealing with questions between Canada and the United States, the other with the peace treaty between the United States and Spain. He was a Federal Circuit Judge for many years. He taught and he wrote. He was a specialist in public utilities and railways. Yes, and he was an army officer and a military appraiser!

A quiet man with a love of justice and fair play, prodigiously industrious, a public servitor the memory of whose works rises up to make his memory honored.

Not a Temporary Job

NEWS comes from Swampscott, as authoritatively as any news comes from that present stronghold of the newspaper "dopester," that President Coolidge has vetoed the use of dollar-a-year men in the reorganization of the prohibition enforcement machinery. In this position he is right.

A number of public-spirited men in New York and elsewhere have been anxious to do what they regard as a great public service by lending high-priced executives from their business organizations to the Government for important duties in the reorganized prohibition force. This plan worked successfully during the World War. Indeed, it is difficult to see how much of the important work of that period could have been carried on without the dollar-a-year men. But the making of war is a temporary business. The borrowed executives stayed through. Prohibition enforce-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment, on the other hand, must be a continuing business, just as important for the far future as for the immediate present, and the borrowed executives necessarily would return to their permanent positions. Their going would inevitably mean a let-down in enforcement efficiency, and it might mean a reversion to conditions worse, if possible, than those which now exist.

The building up of an enforcement staff of permanent employees may be slow, but when such a staff is built up it will be the Government's own, enlisted for a lifetime of effort to make the Constitution of the United States observed and respected. Steady determination is better than revivalistic zeal, even in prohibition enforcement.

There is, perhaps, another good reason for the President's refusal to permit acceptance of dollar-a-year services. He persists in his determination that the politicians shall not hamper enforcement by saddling General Andrews with men selected on the ground of party and personal loyalty rather than of fitness. He apparently persists, too, in turning a deaf ear to the demand that prohibition be kept "in the hands of its friends" as friendship is judged by the Anti-saloon League. Any departure from the policy of selection for fitness on a permanent basis might give the politicians and the "friends of prohibition" a weapon which they could use to advantage against the President and to the detriment of enforcement.

Rubber

THERE are limits beyond which rubber and the price of it may not be stretched.

Brazil learned that fact years ago when, having a natural monopoly of crude rubber, she stretched the prices painfully by artificial processes. Great Britain may be learning it now when, having an artificial monopoly which she created years ago to break the grip of Brazil, she undertakes to stretch the price to American users sufficiently to force them to pay the British debt to America. This may not have been altogether the conscious purpose. There was consideration of the necessity of saving colonial planters from selling below cost of production. But the immediate effect was to increase the cost of rubber to American users by an annual sum far in excess of the annual payments which Great Britain makes upon her debt to the United States. The ultimate effect may be to break the British monopoly by creating an American-grown supply. But that is for the future, rather remote, and for the fruition of wiser policies than any we have thus far adopted in this field. Meanwhile the price of rubber remains, though likely to be somewhat reduced, far above a normal figure. The pushing up of the price and the beginning of some slight reduction of it were brought about in the following manner:

Great Britain produces, mainly in its middle Eastern colonies, considerably more than half of the crude rubber of the world. The United States consumes more than seventy per cent of all the crude rubber produced in the world.

During the bad times following the close of the World War the price of rubber dropped from previously unknown high levels to a point undoubtedly below the cost of production for the bulk of the supply. The lowest figure was 11½ cents a pound. Great Britain, with the announced purpose of protecting its colonials, adopted a measure which sent the price soaring until recently it reached $1.20 a pound.

That measure is known as the Stevenson plan. It is this. Production of rubber for possible exportation is restricted to sixty per cent of the production of 1920. This applies both territorially and to the individual planter. It is enforced by means of an export tax, which runs from 7.94 cents to 23.85 cents per pound, according to the percentage increase of exportation. If any planter exports more than the stipulated sixty per cent of 1920 production, the higher rate of tax is levied not only on the excess of sixty per cent but on the entire quantity exported. This tax, when collected, is naturally added to the price which the consumer pays. The result of soaring prices has been that the United States pays from $200,000,000 to $300,000,000 a year more for its crude rubber than it paid before the Stevenson plan went into effect. The annual British payment on the war debt to the United States is only $160,000,000 a year.

There can hardly be a doubt that Great Britain is entirely within its rights in adopting this plan, even as a means of raising the money with which to pay its debt to the United States. Still, the rubber industries of the United States were so staggered under the burden of high prices that a meeting was held in Washington and representations were made to the State Department.

Ambassador Houghton made protest to the British Foreign Secretary, Mr. Chamberlain, and requested an increase of the quota allowed British rubber planters for export. Mr. Chamberlain referred the request to the Colonial Office, which has decided to permit the export of seventy-five instead of sixty per cent of 1920 production at the minimum tax. American interests believe that the limit should have been raised to ninety per cent at least. It is admitted, however, that the concession made will help. Americans will pay somewhat less of the British debt than if it had not been made.

But the United States should not have been in the position of having to ask this favor. If a wise policy had been adopted a few years ago, the United States might be producing in the Philippines and elsewhere enough crude rubber to free it from dependence upon the British supply.

The Department of Agriculture has been agitating for a good many years the possibility of growing our own rubber, and the Department of Commerce has done something through several years to impress upon the American people the necessity for doing this, but it was only last winter that Congress did anything effective toward bringing it about. Then an appropriation was made for investigation as to where and how the United States can produce rubber for its own needs.

There has been a general impression that the United States could easily grow in the Philippines enough rubber for its requirements. It is an undoubted fact that large quantities of rubber could be grown there, but it is not certain that this supply could be made sufficient for our needs. A report on Philippine possibilities has been prepared as the result of the investigation authorized by Congress. It is now in the Government Printing Office, and will be available to the public within a few weeks.

There is already the beginning of a rubber-producing industry in the Philippines. More than a hundred thousand trees on Basilan Island are producing. Great numbers of rubber trees are growing wild on the island of Mindanao. But the development of rubber plantations in the Philippines in any large and systematic way has been made impossible by the uncertainty of political conditions there. So long as the specter of Philip-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pine independence stalks, with its consequent threat of destructive disorder, American capital will not invest in large volume in slow-maturing rubber plantations.

There is, of course, a question as to whether or not rubber planting in the Philippines would be always profitable even if talk of Philippine independence were stopped and a policy of retention definitely adopted. The low price of rubber before the Stevenson plan was put into effect appears to indicate that, under free conditions, there may be periods when rubber production will be generally unprofitable. Large-scale rubber production in the Philippines does not hold out the assurance of continuous large profits; but it does hold the assurance of continuous reasonable prices to consumers. No scheme for increasing prices such as the Stevenson plan could be made to work if no single nation had a practical monopoly of the supply.

And, regardless of what we may do in the Philippines, it appears probable that the British monopoly is not to continue much longer. Production of rubber in the Dutch East Indies, already considerable, is increasing, and it is reported that the Netherlands Government declined to co-operate with the British by adoption of the Stevenson plan. Brazil, the original home of the Para rubber tree, where millions of trees are growing wild in the Amazon Valley, is making intelligent efforts to recover something of what it lost to Great Britain years ago. Substantial encouragement is offered capital to develop the rubber possibilities of the Amazon Valley. A policy of liberality may recover a considerable part of what a previous avaricious policy lost.

The United States may probably be able to produce rubber nearer home than the Philippines. Experiments are in progress in Porto Rico, in Florida, even on the dry lands of Texas, Arizona, New Mexico, and California, where several species of rubber-producing plants may be grown. They may not be so good for the purpose as the Para tree, but they can be made to produce rubber.

Investigations are in progress also into the possibilities of producing an American supply of rubber on leased lands in various Central and South American countries; and American rubber manufacturers are negotiating for something near a million acres of land in Liberia, to be planted in rubber trees.

The United States is not to-day in position to produce any quantity of rubber worth counting. That is why Great Britain could tax the United States to the extent already shown to be the result of the Stevenson plan. But the United States is seriously preparing to grow rubber in the future. That may be one of the reasons why Great Britain consented to a liberalizing of the Stevenson plan.

After all, we must continue for several years to pay more for rubber than we would have paid had we developed our resources in the Philippines when we should have developed them.

Libraries and Libraries

A YEAR or two ago the New York "World," wishing to investigate how some New Yorkers spend a holiday in the winter, made a count on Washington's Birthday, not of the numbers at theaters and movies, but at the opera, at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, at the American Museum of Natural History, and at the Central Building of the New York Public Library. These were thought to represent higher forms of entertainment. The figures showed that about ten thousand persons came to the Central Building of the Library during the day.

Among the more scathing comments in the press of other parts of the country that these figures called forth was that of an editor in one of the smaller cities in Massachusetts. He said that, on a per capita basis of population, for ten thousand New Yorkers to visit their public library in a day was no more than for twenty-nine citizens of his city to visit their library in the same space of time, and they would never dream of boasting about that! What he neglected to note, conveniently for his argument, was the fact that this was only one of several hundred libraries and library branches in New York City.

More recently the Chicago newspapers (not the Chicago librarians) have announced with triumph that their Public Library had lent more books in a single year than the New York Public Library. If this had been an accurate comparison, it would neither have unduly elated the librarians in Chicago nor depressed those in New York. It happened not to be true; the error came from the failure to understand something which is imperfectly understood in New York—and that is, that the public libraries of New York are composed of three library systems. The one named for the city of New York works in three of the boroughs of the Greater City; the two other boroughs, Brooklyn and Queens, have their own library systems. The many libraries which constitute the Chicago Public Library have never, quite naturally, lent as many books in a year as the public libraries of Greater New York.

Another item which has been going the rounds of the newspapers this summer is a tabulation of the great libraries of the world according to number of books. By this count, the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris is given as the largest in the world, with the New York Public Library second and the British Museum third. No such claim would be made by any one speaking with knowledge. Librarians are aware that a system of libraries, such as those composing the public libraries of most of the large cities of this country, cannot be compared with a single large reference collection like the one in Paris, like the British Museum, or like our National Library in Washington. The New York Public Library, as an example, operates a chain of more than forty libraries, and its book collections contain, of course, many thousands of duplicates. What would more justly be compared with the Library of Congress or the British Museum is the Reference Department of the library, the descendant of the Astor and Lenox Libraries, and a rather rare feature in an American public library.

The possession of this reference collection, of great value for many of its separate books and in numbers amounting nearly to one and three-quarter million books, is an undoubted asset to the city. Unfortunately, however, it acts in some degree as a handicap to the development of the free lending libraries (the Circulation Department) which are under the same management, but derive their support from municipal appropriations. It is hard for many persons to understand that the Central Building, the handsome structure at 42d Street, its work carried on with the income from an endowment—an endowment only recently increased by a magnificent gift—should be part of a system whose other half is actually starved for lack of funds. For the circulating libraries, in the branch buildings, are dependent upon annual appropriations from the city of New York, and, as the book funds have been cut in half in the past five years, the stock of books has actually decreased

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by more than forty thousand volumes, and their lending activities are steadily going down. Incidentally, of course, the librarians in these branch libraries are worse paid even than teachers—who are supposed to belong to the worst-paid profession in the world. Public libraries are associated in the public mind with great gifts of money and with fine buildings. But they illustrate the American tendency to erect handsome buildings for educational purposes and leave them inadequately supported. It is idle to rail at the donors of such buildings; the fault is with the people themselves.

Poorly supported or well supported, it is one of the extraordinary facts of metropolitan life that these branches of the New York Public Library lend from nine to eleven million books yearly. Radio, the movies, automobiles, and all the other modern distractions do not affect this desire to read. New Yorkers would borrow fifteen million books annually from their Public Library if the library had the books to lend. And to any thoughtful person one of the amazing sights of the city is the large reading-room in the Central Building of the Library on a Sunday or a holiday in the winter, with nearly eight hundred readers and students at work, and perhaps two hundred more looking for seats. The casual visitor to the building may wander through the corridors for a few minutes, and go home to describe the place to his friends as "deserted." He is unaware that tucked away in the dozen or more reading-rooms at the very moment of his visit twelve or fourteen hundred readers are busily employed. More than ten thousand visitors a day to this one library is the average during the three midwinter months; six or seven thousand a day the rest of the year. Perhaps no more than that visit the near-by Hippodrome in a single day; certainly not so many go to the neighboring and celebrated "Follies." Some visitors to New York form their ideas of the daily life of the New Yorker from their own visits to the "Follies" and the *cafés dansants*. But theirs is not always the way the fellow in the big city spends his time.

History Made Pleasant

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

MACAULAY, in one of his essays, deplores the fact that so many modern historians have confined themselves to dry and statistical chronology and have left the human drama and romance of history to the novelists. In the records of North America there is at least one outstanding exception to Macualay's just criticism. Francis Parkman, notwithstanding his patient accuracy in digging out and recording facts, wrote history like a novelist. John Fiske says of him that, while he "deals with history philosophically, he does not, like Buckle, hurl at the reader's head huge generalizations, or, like Carlyle, preach him into somnolence." With all their "manifold instructiveness," his books are narratives "as entertaining as those of Macaulay or Froude."

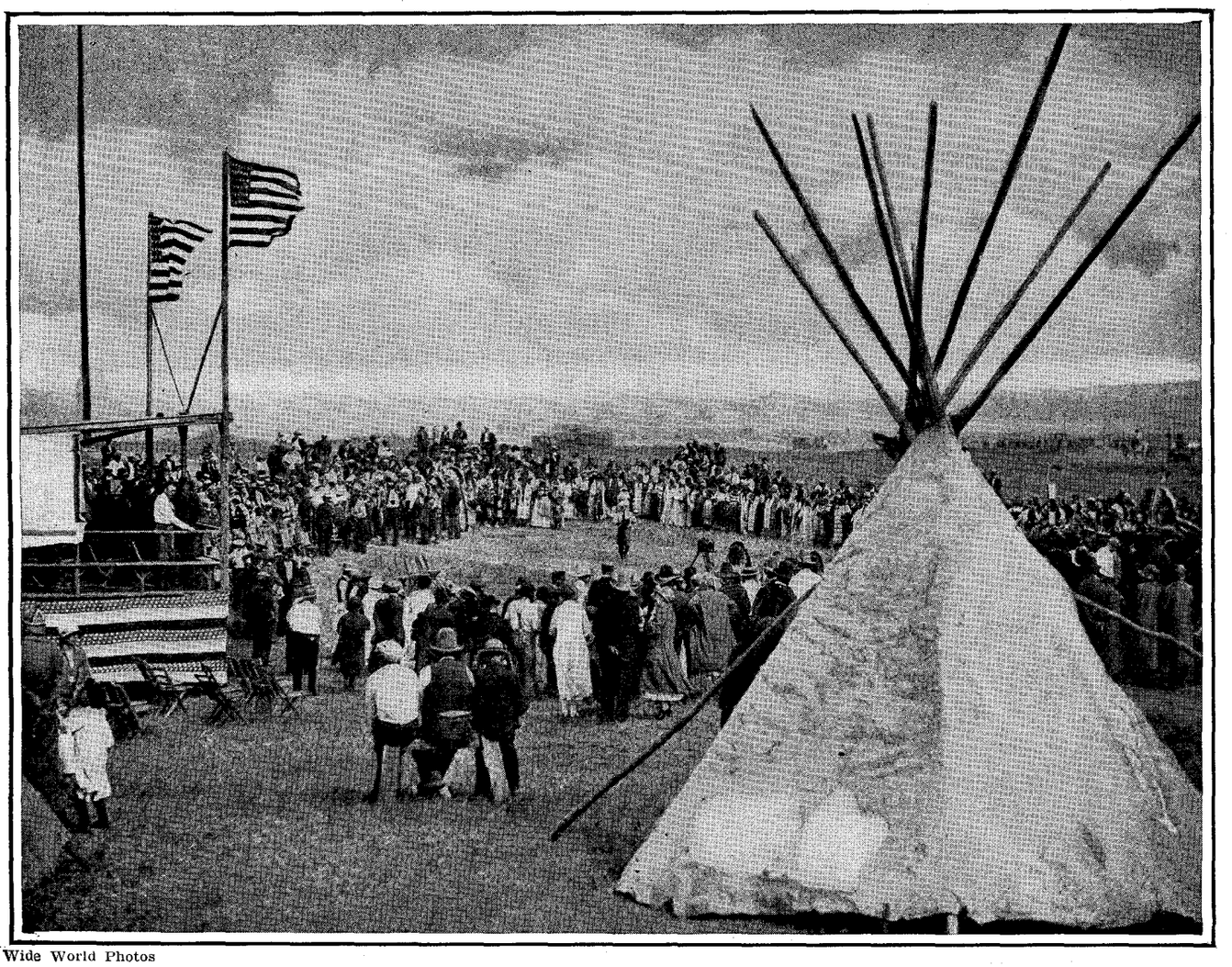
Parkman's great achievement was the portrayal of the North American Indians and a wonderful story of the great struggle between France and Great Britain for a transatlantic colonial empire. But Parkman by no means exhausted these dramatic subjects. In the exploration and settlement of the Central and Pacific States of the Northwest there is still a vast mine of human interest about which even intelligent Americans are more or less ignorant. It was the purpose of "The Upper Missouri Historical Expedition," organized by Mr. Ralph Budd, President of the Great Northern Railway, with official co-operation on the part of the States of Minnesota, North and South Dakota, and Montana, to awaken popular interest in this romantic field of American history. Last week I recorded some of the first impressions which I received as a guest on this excursion of historical research. The first official act of the Expedition, which traveled twelve hundred miles by special train from St. Paul, Minnesota, to Belton, Montana, on the western edge of Glacier Park, was to honor the memory of the Frenchman Verendrye and the Englishman David Thompson. The Encyclopædia Britannica, which ought to know better, has something to say about Varenius, the German geographer, but totally ignores Verendrye and Thompson, although they deserve, in a way, to be bracketed with Strabo. But then Strabo was a Greek, and English university men are, or have been, more interested in ancient Greece than in new America.

Having honored the early explorers of the Northwest, the Expedition next paid its *devoirs* to the aboriginal inhabitants of that region, the Indians. How Francis Parkman would have enjoyed the two days spent in this pious work! At Fort Union, a trading post established a hundred years ago on what is now the very boundary-line between Montana and North Dakota, there was assembled a group of Indians, men and women, representing nearly a dozen tribes. Although now quite civilized, they appeared in their war paint, feathers, and brilliant party-colored costumes as the chief actors in what turned out to be a notable and probably never-to-be-repeated pageant. The occasion may be called unique, because it was a meeting at a historic spot between some notable Indian Chiefs and a distinguished American Chief—Major-General Hugh L. Scott of the United States Army, who has had a more intimate and influential contact with the North American Indian than any other living man.

General Scott, later Superintendent of West Point and Chief of Staff of the United States Army, went out into the Indian country fifty years ago as a young lieutenant, newly graduated from West Point, and has an extraordinary record as an Indian fighter and diplomat. He is one of those rare conquerors whom the conquered admire and love. This was in evidence from the respect and affection showed to him by the Indian Chiefs assembled at Fort Union.

It is impossible in cold type to give any kind of a picture of the striking events of the two days spent, on the rolling plains of Montana, in the midst of Indian associations and what may be truly called Indian culture. I can only catalogue the formal address to the assembled white people and red people by General Scott; the responses in Indian dialect by representative Chiefs, who appealed with dignity but effectiveness—the Indians are great natural orators—for a just recognition of their property rights; the Indian sports and contests, both physical and mental; the automobile trip of seventy-five miles to and from the battlefield where General Miles conquered the Nez Percé Indians under Chief Joseph, a so-called savage warrior of real military genius and humane in-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Wide World Photos

Indian gathering at Fort Union, where Justice Butler, of the United States Supreme Court, was adopted into the tribe of Blackfeet Indians with the title of "Boy Chief"

stincts; and at night, under the northern stars and by the blazing light of a great camp-fire, the adoption into Indian tribes of Justice Butler, of the United States Supreme Court, and two other members of the Expedition, solemnized by the weird music and dancing of this honorable Indian ceremonial.

Two features of this actual penetration into the Indian origins of our country stand out in my recollection. On a plateau adjoining the tepee encampment of the Indians assembled at Fort Union there had been erected to mark the spot a lofty flagpole. Here, with military honors, there was a unique flag ceremony. First, the French tricolor, signifying the early French explorations, was raised and lowered, while an excellent military band, composed of students of Luther College, of Decorah, Iowa, played the "Marseillaise." Then the royal ensign of Great Britain, which typified the coming of the British explorers, went up and down the flagstaff, while the band played "God Save the King." Finally, the Stars and Stripes were hoisted to the music of "The Star-Spangled Banner," and left fluttering aloft. Mingled with the cheers of the whites were the spontaneous and shrill war-cries of the Indians. The spirit of wholesome and genuine internationalism and the intertwining of racial endeavors in making history never, it seemed to me, could have had a more affecting expression. That Governor Erickson, of Montana, a Norwegian by ancestry, presided at this ceremony added to its racial significance.

The other feature that impressed me was the use of the sign language by General Scott and the Chiefs with whom he conversed. General Scott explained to me that the differences in dialect are so great that oral communication between the members and Chiefs of separate Indian nations is often impossible. By a long process of evolution, extending over many centuries, a universal sign language has been developed. Its wide range of expression, combined with a beautiful conciseness, is a striking illustration of the philosophy and poetry inherent in the Indian mind. In talking with General Scott about it, I said that I could understand how a sign language could describe external and concrete objects, but that it could express abstract ideas, except in the most arbitrary and unnatural fashion, was incomprehensible. "On the contrary," he replied, "it does express abstract ideas quite naturally. Take, for example, the word 'interest' on borrowed money. If you were inventing a sign language, what sign would you make for this abstract conception?" "I should give it up as hopeless," I answered. "Well," said he, "the Indians do it very simply and effectively by combining the sign for money (the right hand extended with the thumb and forefinger forming a circle like a coin) with the sign for a child (the arms folded and gently rocked as if a mother were soothing her baby to sleep). Thus they call

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

interest 'the child of money.'" And they do it in less time than it takes to pronounce the three syllables of the English word which means payment for the use of a loan! The Indian philologists who invented this definition, which must have a certain charm even for harassed borrowers, doubtless never read Shakespeare. If they had, they would perhaps have been pleased to know that the great English poet, who probably never saw an Indian, conceived of interest in their poetical fashion, for he speaks of it in "The Merchant of Venice" as "the breed of barren metal." Shakespeare evidently regarded interest as an abnormal if not an illegitimate offspring. The Indians are better economists, for their sign shows that they regard interest as something to be treated with respect.

I must leave for a final article a brief account of the pleasant way in which "The Upper Missouri Historical Expedition" honored the achievements of the American explorers and settlers of the Northwest.

Wide World Photos

General Hugh L. Scott talking in the sign language to Mountain Chief, his Indian guide of thirty years ago. Mountain Chief is wearing an old uniform which was presented to him by the General

A Dayton Postscript

By GEORGE F. MILTON

I APPROACH the task of writing anything about the Scopes trial at Dayton with a feeling of distaste. The whole course of the trial has left me with a blurred, vague impression, without clean-cut definition. There was no sharp contrast of black and white; merely two muddy grays. Both sides were right, both sides wrong. And the real issues were forgotten in the fury of the fight.

There are, however, a few topics worthy of brief review, which may aid non-Tennesseans in understanding the drama, the comedy, and the pathos of the trial, and which may illumine the stark tragedy which came so shortly after.

John Thomas Scopes was merely a legal fiction, a sort of flesh-and-blood John Doe, so far as Messrs. Clarence Darrow, Dudley Field Malone, and Arthur Garfield Hays were concerned. For their purpose—that of having the law held unconstitutional—it was essential that in the trial court Scopes be held guilty as Haman.

The endeavor of the defense counsel likewise was more psychological than legal; they were engaged in a great effort to win the mind of America and to make any anti-evolution law a hissing and a byword all over the country.

THE man with whom Mr. Bryan had probably his last conversation on earth and who was intrusted with the dissemination of Mr. Bryan's last speech here gives his impressions of the Dayton trial, which he attended, and Mr. Bryan's part in it.

—THE EDITORS.

It was incidental, I suppose, that in the dramatization of the fight to uphold "the freedom of thought" the gentlemen of the defense dramatized the issue as one of Civilization *versus* Tennessee. They may have done so unconsciously; but, whether conscious or not, their nearly every move had the effect of drawing the issue as one of Science, Knowledge, and Humanity *versus* Tennessee and William Jennings Bryan, an unjust and untrue definition of the issue.

Let me here define my own feelings toward the law and the trial. In March, when the Tennessee General Assembly first passed the Butler Bill, I wrote an editorial in the Chattanooga "News," calling the law an outrageous attempt to curb freedom of thought by statute, and saying that our legislators had made monkeys of themselves. I still think so. The law is foolish; even if its ends had been worthy, the ban encouraged reading of evolution far more than it checked it.

The anti-evolution law has demonstrated its futility, and it should be repealed. When the Tennessee Legislature meets again, in January, 1927, there is sure to be a strong move to repeal it, and I shall support this move. But the success of any such attempt has been diminished by Tennesseans' memories of the tactics of the defense in the Scopes trial.

It is doubtful if the anti-evolution feeling is stronger in Tennessee than in most other American States. The mass of the American people are Fundamentalists; and the mass of American legislators are creatures of vast political fear. Tennessee is no exception; hence the Tennessee law. A clever engineer saw the possibilities of a test case; hence the fame of John Doe Scopes and of Dayton. It might quite as well have come in Kansas or Missouri, in Washington or the State of Maine. Under such circumstances, it is hardly fair for Tennessee to be crucified on the cross of public opinion as a bog of bigotry.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Whom the gods or Clarence Darrow would destroy they first make mad. The skill and artistry with which this was done at Dayton was a delight to the beholder. Darrow in his first speech, in the argument before Judge Raulston to quash young Scopes's indictment because of its unconstitutionality, began his banderillero tactics with consummate artistry. Half of his talk was of law, the other half an exposition of his own interesting, and to the Rhea County folk shocking, philosophy of life. His ringing appeal against "back to bigotry" was finely phrased, but was as a barbed dart to folks who felt that their sole error had been to place the law as a shield between their children and the demons of agnosticism.

The objection to prayer, the very next day, and continuing through the trial, shocked and stunned the Court. It seemed an objection to the editorial sanctums of Manhattan and the radios rather than to the Court; but it had a flavor of law to it also. The objections were gestures that Darrow was not getting a fair deal.

These things got under the hides of the State's attorneys, the Court, and the crowd. They made them appear far more intolerant than they actually were. They made them mad. They made them do foolish things in the heat of anger—things that looked bad to the world, at the end of a telegraph wire, reading in cold print of the facts, without the truth back of the facts.

Another such thing was Clarence Darrow's skillful insult to Judge Raulston. The defense leader said later that it had been in the heat of anger; but, even so, the deed was done with the delicate artistry of a consummate master of words. Darrow had delivered himself of several introductory remarks, stinging enough to have penetrated the hide of any judge; finally, Raulston said to him, "I hope you do not intend any disrespect to the Court." Darrow's classic answer deserves long to be remembered: "Your Honor has the right to hope."

This colloquy did not make Tennesseans like any better the defense's attitude. They did not particularly object to Darrow holding whatever opinion he pleased about the person of John T. Raulston. But they did object to such language being addressed to a Court which was a part of the judicial machinery of the State of Tennessee. There was no need for gratuitous insult to the Court or the State. It bemeaned the attorney more than it did the Judge. Nor should it ever be forgotten that the chief hope of the defense was to have the law held unconstitutional, and that they did not want a verdict of "Not guilty." That would have knocked them sky high. Remember, the defense asked for no change of venue. It could have done so. Evidently, it didn't want one.

One of the few redeeming features of the trial was Dudley Field Malone's fine apostrophe on truth. It ran:

> There is never a duel with the truth. The truth always wins, and we are not afraid of it. The truth is no coward. The truth does not need Mr. Bryan; the truth is imperishable, eternal, and immortal and needs no human agency to support it. We are ready to tell the truth as we understand it, and we do not fear all the truth that they present as facts. We are ready; we are ready. We feel we stand with progress; we feel we stand with science. We feel we stand with intelligence; we feel we stand with fundamental freedom in America.

Malone was well applauded when he finished his speech. It deserved applause. Nor should it be forgotten that it was a Fundamentalist crowd from "the wilds of Tennessee" which applauded him to the echo.

One other scene deserves comment—the examination of William Jennings Bryan by Clarence Darrow. The Judge had adjourned the court from its usual place in the court-room to the lawn outside—an unheard of proceeding. Darrow asked for Bryan to go on the stand. The Great Commoner was startled. He said afterwards that he was afraid not to go on the stand, because his reluctance would be a greater mishap to his cause than the grilling he was sure he would receive. He was not anxious to be questioned. He did not claim to be a Bible expert. But he did not dare hesitate—they would taunt him with his fear. Darrow set to work to annihilate him.

Bryan was in an impossible situation. Of course, Darrow's object, so far as the case was concerned, was to have the chief Fundamentalist admit that the Biblical inspiration was not verbal, but plenary; that it could not be taken literally word for word. Bryan was so afraid of being tricked into some admission that would undermine his whole contention that he could do nothing but say over and over again, "I believe it as it is written in the Bible." Darrow's stinging epithets at him and his religion, his savage thrusts at his beliefs, so angered and amazed Bryan that in his heat he lost the quickness of wit and the readiness of answer which had so marked his prior career, and was left, stunned and floundering, repeating "I believe" to every question.

Darrow's cross-examination of Bryan was a thing of immense cruelty. It could not have been designed save to destroy the last remaining shreds of public confidence in the Great Commoner. It seemed to me inexcusable—the whole spectacle: Judge Raulston allowing it to proceed, Darrow's questions, and Bryan's answers. It was a travesty on the processes of justice and a reproach both to the baiter and the baited. I have no doubt that the humiliation of being called "an ignoramus" and a "fool and a Fundamentalist," and of hearing his beliefs referred to as "your fool religion" cut Bryan to the quick. Four days after the trial ended I talked to him at some length, and he was even then quivering with hurt at the epithets which had been applied to him. He was a crushed and broken man.

The conviction of Scopes came almost as a matter of course. Darrow asked the jury almost in so many words to convict his client. Thus the Dayton case came to an end. In the defense's skillful, bitter dramatization of the issues, in its artistic banderillero work, the legal merits passed from the minds of men; and all that was left was Fundamentalism, an evangelical judge, Bryan's bigotry, a backward State, the threat to liberty, Tennessee's crucifixion of science, and the bravery of Darrow and Malone in fighting for free speech.

But the real legal issues are due now to be exhumed from their sepulcher and given a real trial. The matter goes to the Supreme Court of Tennessee, in its September term, at Knoxville. The Scopes case will come up there for argument on appeal about September 28. There will be no new evidence. Each side will have an hour for argument. There will be no adjournments of court for cameramen's convenience. Before the Supreme Court it will be a lawsuit, not a Chautauqua or a garden party. Supreme Court sessions do not open with prayer. No lawyer can gratuitiously insult that Court. No attorneys can before it dramatize any case as one of Civilization *versus* Tennessee.

The issues which the Tennessee Supreme Court will determine will likely be the real, though latterly hidden, issues of the Scopes case: Where is the boundary between the right of a State to direct the official actions of its own employees and the individual's constitutional guaranties of freedom of thought and of religious worship? The question of the wisdom or folly of the law is one for the people, not the courts.

Judicial determination of exactly what are the directional rights of the State over its schools, and a judicial determination of the point at which direction infringes on the individual's constitution-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ally guaranteed rights, are greatly to be desired. These are real questions of constitutional law. They will be of value in many other cases than in our foolish "monkey bill." I welcome the opportunity of securing such a guide-post. But I object to attempts, however skillful, to picture Tennessee as a bog of bigotry, a State seeking to crucify science and to throw learning to the lions of intolerance and hate.

The whole world suffers from the handicap of ignorance, and no section can with good grace point the finger of scorn at another. That the "monkey bill" came to a test here was accidental—the spirit that gave it birth was Nation-wide. Let us hope that the circus has folded its tents and the lawsuit will begin.

A last word about Bryan. The sudden passage of this great and good man was stark tragedy. He died in an alien home, at Dayton, but not among an alien people. The folks of Dayton loved William Jennings Bryan, and they loved the Book for which he had battled and the God whom he revered. They are a simple, faithful folk, close to the mountains, close to the soil. Bryan's death, to them, was more than the result of a clot on the brain; it was martyrdom, a death from an ordeal of faith.

All through the trial one looked with sorrow upon Bryan. He seemed to be brooding, to be unhappy and unwell. He took small part in the proceedings other than to make his brief argument against the admission of scientific evidence and to stand a grilling at Darrow's hands. The old man had broken. He did not have his old fire about him. But he did not flinch from his ordeal. Even in the courtyard scene he was a gallant, if pathetic, figure, his fine head thrown back, and his big voice booming answers across the sward.

Bryan had been put in a position he did not like. He had not had anything to do with inspiring or drafting the Tennessee statute. He told me that he was surprised when, after he had accepted the Tennessee request, he began to examine the law, and saw its crude wording, its faulty English, the muddy way in which it sought to define the crime and to attain its object. But it was then too late. Mr. Bryan thought he could still uphold his cardinal thesis, so tried to make the best of a bad bargain. With what results every one knows.

The uncanny hand of fate gave to Bryan his final day in the place which was the scene of his last, and maybe his most daring if disastrous, battle. I always had the greatest admiration for William Jennings Bryan, for he had the faculty given to so few of uttering in burning words the unexpressed hopes, the secret yearnings of the human heart. Some men almost irresistibly attract the unformed hopes, the secret dreams of millions. They utter in shining similes the desires of the people. And when they speak and act the multitude unconsciously recognizes its own yearnings, its own faiths. Bryan expressed this inchoate feeling of the masses. Bryan battled for the faith of his fathers and the faith of his people. He expressed their inmost yearnings, their hope in the hereafter.

I have often wondered at the spectacle presented by history of so many liberals in politics or economics being Fundamentalists in religion. I had thought that perhaps liberalism was so thin a stream in any man that when it was coursing down one of the channels of human thought it rarely had force to reach over into another. But perhaps the closeness of these men to the secret yearnings of the common folk better explains it. In Bryan's case, from first to last, in Fundamentalism as in free silver, woman suffrage, and income tax, he was the apostle of the average man.

Mr. Bryan—A Tribute and a Reminiscence

Two Letters to The Outlook

IF a man admire Roosevelt, shall he hate Wilson; if he follow Bryan, shall he close his eyes to the great deeds of Roosevelt? There is much to admire in the lives, policies, and careers of Roosevelt, Wilson, Bryan, Taft, Hughes, Harding, and Coolidge. Why not seek it?

What gave Mr. Bryan the title of the greatest liberal and progressive leader in America? What made him the unmatched popular orator, the refuge and champion of the oppressed? Great as was his eloquence—and it was unsurpassed in this or probably in any generation—yet this did not account for the Bryan who has just left us. It was his deep sincerity of conviction and his courageous, constructive advocacy of great principles that made him the real leader of progressivism in this generation.

Look at the record: Began his fight for popular election of Senators in 1890, when he stood almost alone. Kept it up until he wrote it into all his party platforms and saw two amendments to the Constitution of the United States ratified. The first leader of National prominence to come out for National prohibition and stuck to it, even when it was unpopular, until he saw the Eighteenth Amendment written into the Constitution; fought for woman's suffrage until he saw it, too, written into the Constitution. Here is achievement enough for one life. But this is not the whole record by any means. Bryan's thirty peace treaties negotiated while he was Secretary of State are a powerful factor in the peace of the world. His work for peace has counted in every land on the globe. He was a champion of democracy, of the plain people, of their right to determine their own policies. He spoke for democracy in Russia and India and under nearly every flag. He took up the cause of the Filipinos when the whole country was wild for annexation and imperialism. He lived to see his party indorse his principles and his pledge of free government for the islands translated into law.

But the record is not yet complete. Bryan championed the right of labor. He fought for the toiling masses against every species of injustice and wrong. He stood for shorter hours, the right of trial by jury in contempt cases (indeed, he was the real author of that reform); he was the sole author of the law compelling publicity of campaign expenditures. To him alone belongs the credit for that great reform. Without him the Federal Reserve Act could not have been passed in the Wilson Administration. He fought to lower the tariff, to make wealth pay its share of the burdens of government. He proclaimed the only constructive anti-trust law remedy ever proposed—a remedy that is fast coming to receive universal approval in America.

He alone made the first nomination of Woodrow Wilson possible. He stood like a rock for prohibition when the wet Democratic leaders at New York would have repudiated the Eighteenth Amendment.

And even this is only a partial list of the Bryan achievements. It is wonderful to see how his views have been vindicated by the passing of time. Abused and reviled as no public man has been in our time, he smilingly waved it all aside and triumphed over every bitter foe. He kept sweet in spirit to the end. What more can be said of any public man?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bryan was the John Bright and the Gladstone of American politics.

WAYNE C. WILLIAMS.

Denver, Colorado.

YOUR editorial in the current Outlook on William Jennings Bryan is so true, so fair, so just in its estimate of a unique personality, that I want to send my personal even if humble commendation of it. It explains the Bryan myth, or whatever it was!

One additional item of proof, if any were needed, of his naïveté is in my own experience. At the memorable first Conference of Governors on the conservation of our natural resources, called by Mr. Roosevelt in the White House in May, 1908, Mr. Bryan was one of the four "special advisers" the President had astutely invited. (The others were James J. Hill, Andrew Carnegie, and John Mitchell.) Roosevelt's opening address was on so high a plane that few of the Governors were prepared, when called upon, to follow. Nor would Mr. Bryan respond that first afternoon of Wednesday.

The Thursday programme was all of prepared papers. Mr. Pinchot gave a reception to the Conference that evening at his residence, at which several of us surrounded Mr. Bryan in order to question him. I think I was the one to ask him when he would speak and on what subject. His reply was impressive. He said: "I'll speak Friday morning, and on this forestry subject. There's a good deal in it. I was in a forest reserve once."

As a matter of fact, he did speak on Friday morning, but he had evidently forgotten the importance of "this forestry subject," for he discussed the Federal regulation of great corporations with characteristic ignorance, definiteness, and simplicity. Having in mind Elihu Root's straightforward admonition of the day before to the Governors, whom he had told that "the States were lagging behind, and forcing upon our already overworked Federal Government the doing of many things the States themselves ought to do," Mr. Bryan produced his memorable phrase insisting that *"there must be no twilight zone between the Federal and the State control in which exploitive corporations can take refuge from both."* I had walked out of the East Room with Theodore E. Burton to talk Niagara when Mr. Bryan arose, and we, hearing the applause that greeted him, stepped back to listen. Burton said, "That's a good phrase" when the "twilight zone" was uttered, and evidently "Teddy" also thought so, for he promptly developed it in commenting on Mr. Bryan's address.

J. HORACE MCFARLAND.

Eagles Mere Park, Pennsylvania.

The Klan on Parade

Editorial Correspondence from Washington

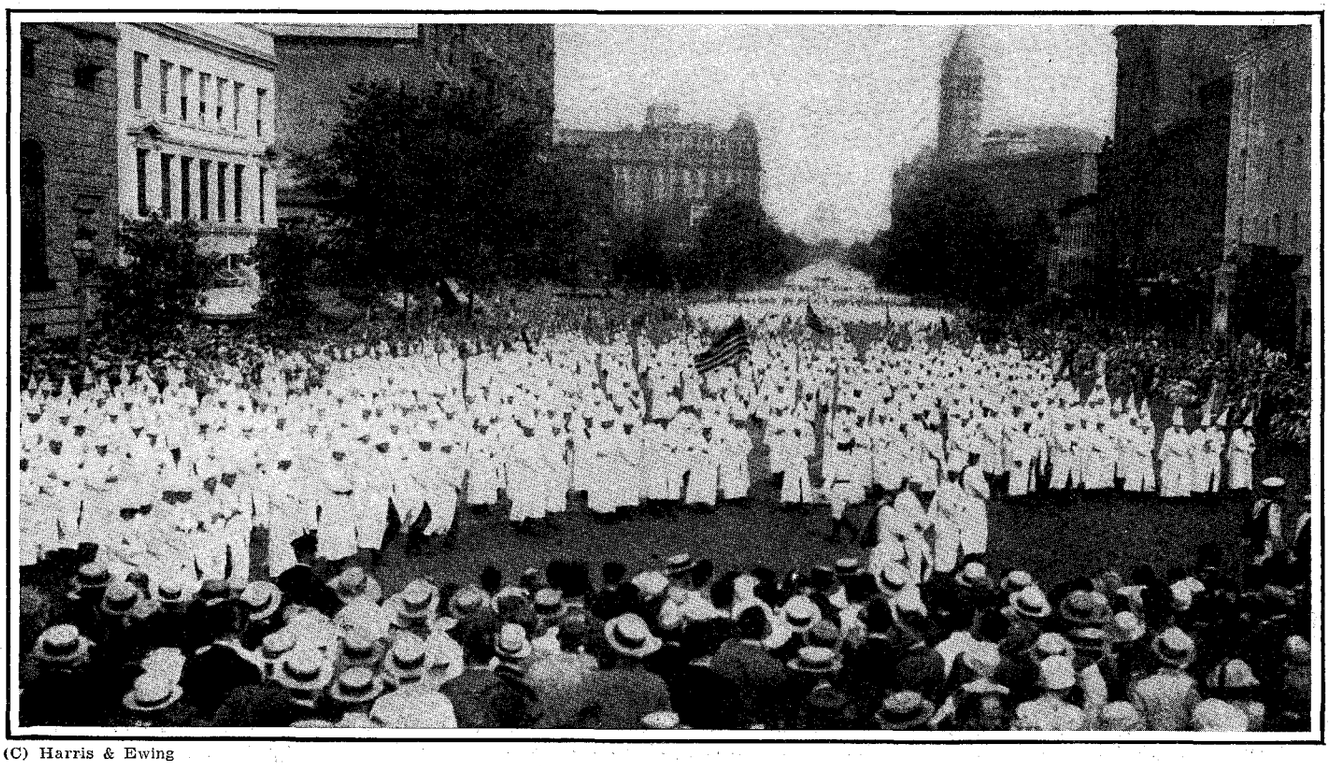
By DIXON MERRITT

WASHINGTON has had the surprise of its bored and blasé life.

The knights—and ladies—of the Ku Klux Klan came to town, how many thousands strong no man will ever know. It might be possible to count the sands of the seashore, because they are still. It was not possible to count, or even to estimate with any accuracy, a constantly shifting white-robed host which poured mysteriously into the city on special trains from almost everywhere and by automobile on every highway.

However many there were, the Ku Klux came to town. They marched for three hours and forty minutes down Pennsylvania Avenue. They spread out around the base of Washington Monument. They knelt on the grass and prayed.

Washington—which is the forty-eight States of the Union with the island possessions and bits of all foreign nations—



(C) Harris & Ewing

Fifty thousand Kluxers march down Pennsylvania Avenue

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

looked on. The looking began in curiosity. It continued in astonishment. It ended in admiration—measured admiration to be sure, grudging admiration in some cases, fearful and apprehensive admiration in others, but admiration none the less.

It was a unique parade—unique in many particulars.

Take the matter of mere numbers. I did not see the parade of the veterans of the Union armies which swung down Pennsylvania Avenue in the spring of 1865. I did see the parade at the beginning of the World War, and I saw the one at its end. I have seen every big parade since. I think I know that there were more people in the Ku Klux Klan Parade than in any other that I have ever seen in Washington or anywhere else. It took up almost exactly as much time as the Peace Parade took. That was made up largely of war equipment, and this wholly of men and women.

This is the only big parade that I have ever seen that started on time. It was scheduled to start at three o'clock. On the second, the head of the column swung into the avenue at Peace Monument.

This is the only parade that I have ever seen which moved throughout with no hitches and no long gaps in the line. This parade made a left turn from Pennsylvania Avenue into Fifteenth Street, a much narrower thoroughfare. On the basis of universal experience, it ought to have choked there. It did not. I sat on a bus-stop sign just where the accompanying picture was made and watched the turn for nearly two hours. There was no hesitation and no confusion.

The local newspapers had shed a lot of commiseration on the Klan bands because of the terrific job they would have keeping these "untrained thousands" in line. The bands did not have any harder job than the carrying of instruments necessarily entails. The "untrained thousands" did not keep step with the machine-like precision of veteran soldiers, but they held their line and their steady pace.

All of these things contributed to the surprise and the awakening of Washington. But perhaps the greatest surprise came from the common, human qualities of the Kluxers. Much of the mystery of the Klan fell away. There were no masks. There was the silliness of the robe—which, by the way, must be a boon to the white-goods manufacturers in this day of dearth; but, despite that, the paraders were men and women, boys and girls, of more or less regulation types in the United States. Out of line, they could pass the time of day in ordinary fashion. They could "kid" a Negro waiter over the quality of the coffee—and draw a grin. They were not one hundred per cent Americans, because they were average Americans, and the average never runs as high as that.

In the main, the parade was in as good taste as could have been expected—much better than was expected. There were exceptions. One poor girl carried an idiotic little rifle on her shoulder throughout that blistering two-mile hike. Two small contingents of men carried clubs which looked like policemen's night-sticks. These, doubtless, were meant to convey the "don't-tread-on-me" idea. They did not, of course. They were simply silly. The watch-your-step impression was in the massed thousands, not in popguns and fly-swatters. And the Klan knew that, quite evidently, for there was never a more peaceable crowd in Washington or one that made less ostentation of using its strength in violence.

Of course, the whole business was a show of strength, doubtless meant as such, but to what end I do not know.

Even without masks the Ku Klux Klan cannot get rid of its bent for mystification. There was more of that in this demonstration than masks would have amounted to.

What did the District Kleagle—if that is his title—mean by solemnly insisting that the parade would be purely local, with not more than 5,000 persons in line, when he must have known that the paraders would come from numerous States and when his expectation of numbers must have run to scores of thousands?

He meant mystification. But of whom? And for what?

Some people say that there has been a row between that Kleagle and some others on the one side and Supreme Wizard Evans on the other. Evans, they say, did not want a big parade and did not expect one. Had the inferiors "slipped one over on the big boy"?

They say, some other people, that the Northern realms, as State divisions of the Klan seem to be called, desired to demonstrate the fact that they are in control of the Klan organization, that the seat of power has departed from the South—if ever, indeed, it was there. Well, the paraders from Pennsylvania greatly outnumbered those from Virginia. New Jersey outnumbered Kentucky. Except for Virginia and Kentucky, it was in the main a Northern parade. But what is the object of showing that the Klan strength is more in the North than in the South? More mystification.

The giant parade may have accomplished several things that are not apparent from the outside. But it probably accomplished some things that are apparent, too.

Undoubtedly, the Klan has been losing members—in certain sections losing its grip on the situation, almost disintegrating. But the Klan is not dead, and it convinced itself that it is alive by this display of vitality. A good many backbones beneath the bed-sheet robes have been strengthened, doubtless.

Then, too, this parade proved, if proof was needed, to those who are not Klansmen, that Ku Kluxism is a thing big enough to be reckoned with.

Personally, I am divided between two opinions—neither of them very strong, it must be admitted—as to what the deeper significance of the parade was.

Here is the one that was stronger before the parade and weaker after:

The modern Klan has some affinity with the old Klan of Reconstruction days. The purposes are not the same. But the new has borrowed the garment and the method of the old. It apes the spectacular, of which the old Klan was master.

Now, when the old Klan approached its end it did not flicker out. It went out in a blaze of glory. General Forrest, who was its head, staged a big parade. That was for the public. He issued a dissolution notice. That was for the hooded hosts.

Is Evans imitating Forrest, the new following the old in the manner of its death as in the manner of its life? I thought that might be true. I do not now believe it is. Still, it is within the range of the possible.

Here is the opinion that, perhaps, was weaker before the parade and stronger after:

A reformation may be going on within the Klan. The admirers of Evans have long claimed that he is doing that for it. Fifty thousand Klansmen, at a guess, marched unmasked in Washington. Is this the beginning of the unmasking of the Klan as a whole? Is it a coming out into the light, abandoning not secrecy necessarily but furtiveness? That, I think, is probable. If it is true, it probably means that the Klan of the future will be a less numerous body than the Klan of the past, but it may well be a more influential body. Probably it is making ready to take its place in the line of more or less regularized fraternal societies. Probably it is in process of sloughing off some of its prejudices. Probably there is to be a Klan which will stand for good American citizenship without so much distinction of creed and class.

Guessing is useless. We shall see in the long run.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Conservation by Super-Power

By FRANCIS A. WESTBROOK

A consulting engineer defines with clarity the relationship existing between power and population

THE conservation of man power is the foundation of industrial civilization. It is essential that we have a great deal of power at our command to do the many things on which modern life is dependent, and as time goes on the demand for it continually increases. When we consider that the principal source of power, especially in the Eastern and Middle Western industrial sections of the country, is very largely coal, and that the proportion of power from coal will increase in the future, it is evident that in order to conserve man power we must conserve coal.

This is best done by converting the heat energy stored up in coal into electrical energy, which is easily transported from place to place for distances of several hundred miles. Thus we find that electrical power is the great benefactor of man; it saves him from many of the old deadening drudgeries, increases his productivity, and, consequently, his opportunity to live a more useful and happy life.

The tremendous changes which have taken place in the life of the times are so intimately associated with developments in the application of electrical power that the importance of it can hardly be overstressed. In industry labor-saving and safety devices made possible by it have greatly increased the net productivity of the average worker. It has done much to counteract the evil effects of high wages and much to consolidate their good effects. Indeed, it has made higher wages and shorter hours possible—with the general raising of standards of living which has taken place. No country in the world has so much power per worker and none so high a standard of living and well-being. In the home the electrical servant has either largely displaced the former human servant or has lightened the burden where the cost of the usual paid helper could not be afforded. This is so in both country and city, and it can truthfully be said that, thanks to electrical power, in the American home there is less drudgery performed by the housewife than in any other country in the world.

In view of these facts, it is not surprising that the use of electrical power is now increasing so rapidly in volume and distribution that many new problems of an economic and social nature have arisen.

These problems all come under one general heading—that of transportation. On the one hand, we have the problem of transporting enormous quantities of coal to the generating stations, mostly located in the large cities; and, on the other hand, the transportation, or "transmission," as the electrical engineers call it, of the electrical power from the generating stations to consumers of all types.

The number and size of the electrical generating stations along the Atlantic seaboard have increased to such an extent that the transportation of coal from the inland mines is taking a larger percentage of the available railroad capacity each year. In addition to this the factories are turning out more and more goods, requiring, in turn, correspondingly more and more raw materials, all of which must be handled by the railroads. It is a combination of circumstances which at times shows signs of straining existing facilities almost to the breaking point; and during the Great War the railroad service did practically break down. In time this condition will become chronic unless something is done to prevent, or at least postpone, it. One of the obvious ways is to cut down on the freight offerings, and in line with this idea coal is one of the largest, if not the largest, single items which can be decreased.

These conditions were uppermost in the minds of many engineers immediately after the war, and from it resulted the idea of "super-power" for the Northeastern industrial section of the country, originally promulgated by Mr. W. S. Murry, a consulting electrical engineer of New York.

Mr. Murry's idea was to tie together —"interconnect"—all the electrical generating stations in the Northeastern manufacturing district between Washington and Boston. This plan had been successfully followed to a considerable extent before, especially among the hydroelectric plants along the Pacific coast, where seasonal variations of water supply and demand for power made such an arrangement peculiarly advantageous. The super-power idea, however, goes farther than this. It takes account of certain facts peculiar to the electric central station business, especially in large cities.

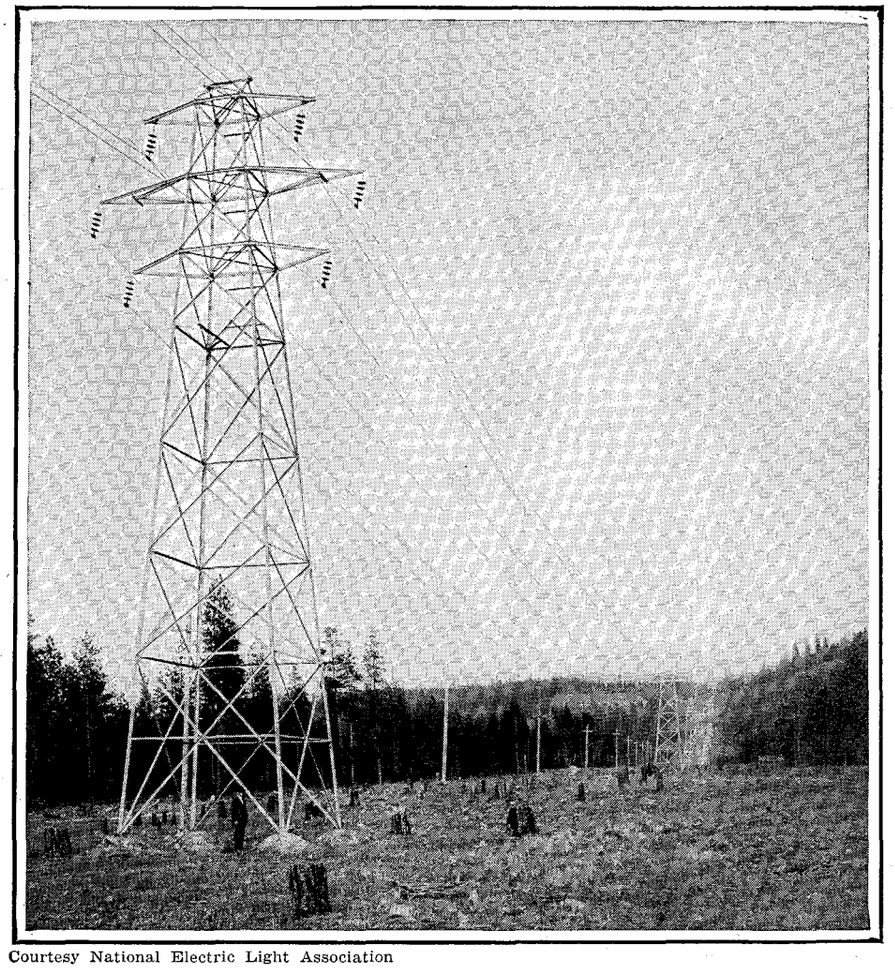
On late afternoons in early winter visitors to New York are accustomed to admire and comment on the sky-line, with the thousands upon thousands of brightly lighted windows in the sky-scrapers. The amount of electrical power consumed by all these myriads of lights is enormous and constitutes the "peak load" of the power-houses located in the city. It only lasts an hour or two for five days a week, and then only during two or three months of the year when the days are shortest. Nevertheless the power-houses have to be equipped with generating machinery to care for this load, which is double, or more, the average for the rest of the year. That, of course, means that half the boilers, engines, generators, etc., are idle most of the time. Still the boilers have to be fired and the steam-piping warmed up during much of this idle time.

No machinery, or aggregation of machines, works at its highest efficiency unless it is fully loaded, and here we have a most exaggerated case of partial loading. Moreover, the money invested in unused equipment is idle, and the interest on it must be paid by earnings made during the short time the machinery is working. Consequently, from both points of view the rates can be lowered if the power-houses can be kept busier for more of the time.

Thus it is no wonder that central station companies are doing their best to have their customers use electrical washing-machines, irons, vacuum-cleaners, and all sorts of electrical appliances to increase the daytime consumption of electrical power. It also explains why in almost all cases a manufacturing plant can buy its power cheaper from the central station than make it itself; another reason is that great economies can be secured by "quantity production" of electrical power just as with most other commodities.

Now this situation prevails in all large cities. They are closer together along the Northeast Atlantic seaboard than in any other part of the country, and it is Mr. Murry's "super-power plan" to have all the large central power stations in these cities run at full load all day

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Courtesy National Electric Light Association

Double circuit tower line connecting the Little Falls and Long Lake power stations of the Washington Water Power Company with the balance of their transmission system. Length 28 miles, conductor 270,000 centimeters aluminum, voltage 60,000

and turn all their surplus power into a long overhead electrical transmission line operating at 220,000 volts and extending from Washington to Boston. From this line it would be possible to tap off power wherever it was needed. This need would gradually, perhaps quite rapidly, increase, because the power would be cheap, being generated in large "blocks" by efficient up-to-date stations, and because as industries grew or became electrified they would buy this power. In fact, the easy access to this almost unlimited source of electrical power would tend to stimulate both the electrification of existing industries and also the growth of new ones.

From the conservation standpoint this plan has great possibilities. It means that existing generating stations will operate at a closer approach to maximum efficiency of machinery and investment, thus saving coal and money. It will tend to eliminate the small, comparatively inefficient, country generating station and industrial isolated generating plant. The saving will be still further augmented by the impetus given to industrial electrification, with its invariable accompaniment of reduction of accidents, improved working conditions, and increased mechanical efficiency.

From the standpoint of transportation there would also be great savings. For one thing, less coal would be used. Then the consumption of coal would be concentrated at a comparatively few points, to which it could be transported with less general interference with traffic than with its delivery scattered as much as at present. Probably by carefully selecting one or two points along the coast where coal could be delivered by the railroads it could be shipped economically the rest of the way by water.

Of course any scheme of this kind would naturally contemplate the erection of new generating stations, which would be located either at water-power sites or as near to the coal mines as possible. Naturally, this would enable still more marked economies to be made. It also contemplates the eventual electrification of the railroads, which will save a great deal of coal. This is because the unavoidable losses in the transformation of coal to energy for the propulsion of trains are much less in one large modern power plant than in a group of even the best steam locomotives, which are nothing but small power plants which have to be carried around with the train; and also because a considerable quantity of coal would not have to be used up to transport coal.

The electrification of the Logan, West Virginia, coal mines furnishes an instance of how the super-power idea works out. Formerly each mine had its own steam-engine, aggregating some 5,000 horse-power for the district. A central station at a mine mouth of 500 horse-power capacity with a transmission line to all the mines is sufficient to care for all of them because it never happens that they all use full power simultaneously. The savings from eliminating all the small, inefficient plants and their attendants hardly needs comment.

Furthermore, the development of all available water powers is planned. While this is important from the standpoint of conservation, it has perfectly definite limits in the Northeastern industrial section of which we are speaking. For instance, in 1924 the installed steam-electric horse-power in New York, New England, and Pennsylvania was about 13,000,000. In addition to this 2,700,000 horse-power has been developed in hydro-electric plants, and there is still 5,400,000 hydroelectric horse-power undeveloped. The latter is less than half the installed steam-electric power, so it will be seen that water power will play only a small part in the future development of electrical power. This will in all probability at least double, or exceed, thirty millions in these States by 1930.

So far as the Northeastern industrial section is concerned, therefore, the coal for this enormous amount of power will have to come to a great extent from Pennsylvania.

Consequently, it is not surprising that Governor Pinchot, being an admiring follower of Roosevelt and an ardent conservationist, should take a great interest of a rather startling nature in super-power. Being also a very versatile man of wide vision and liberal ideas, he soon realized the fundamental importance of plenty of power available to everybody and the almost desperate need of building up the industry in such a way as to produce the greatest good with the least resulting harm. Furnishing power in such quantity for the unlimited electrification of home and industry, he foresees, will be as revolutionary as the advent of the steam-engine; and he wants to avoid any economic and social complications more or less parallel to those which accompanied its general use, known as the "industrial revolution."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Governor Pinchot, therefore, suggests what he calls "giant power" for his State of Pennsylvania. This is in many respects similar to super-power, but is more comprehensive and far-reaching.

Giant power is premised on the definite plan of laying out a system whereby electrical power may be made available to as many people as practicable and in as large quantity and at as low a rate as possible. It contemplates the erection of a series of electrical power-houses near or at the mines and the delivery of power by the generating companies to separate distributing companies, who will, in turn, deliver it to the consumer. It is the conscious production of a supply of power available to all classes of users, rather than merely the disposal of surplus. Thus giant power accomplishes as much as super-power, but is broader in its scope.

A report on this matter has recently been made to the General Assembly of the State of Pennsylvania by the Giant Power Survey Board, created by the Legislature, and of which Governor Pinchot is the chairman.

Many very interesting things were pointed out in this report, and perhaps the most interesting, if not the most important, of all was the portion dealing with the effect of cheap electrical power, available everywhere in adequate quantity on the congestion of population in industrial centers and the depopulation of the rural districts. The study of how population became concentrated has shown clearly that industry follows power. Thus congestion was inevitable when the steam-engine was the principal source of power.

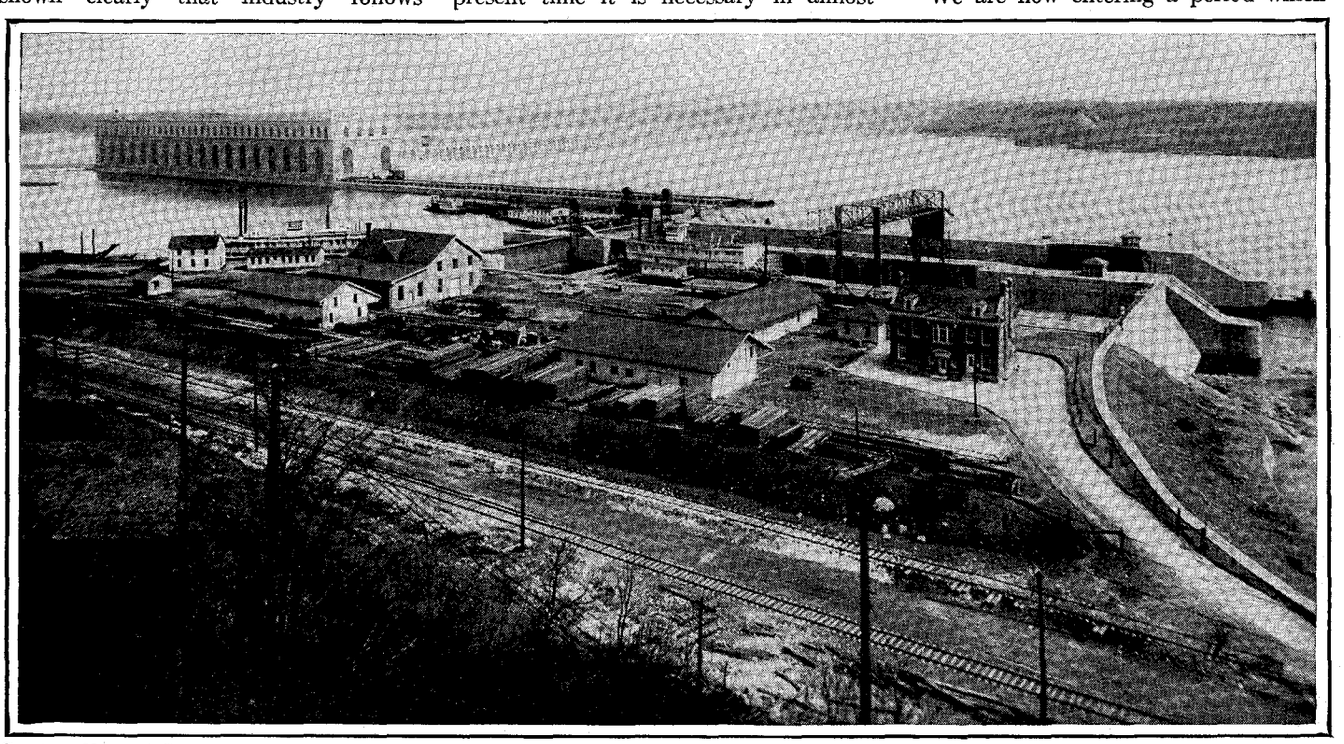
Now electrical power can be easily, and at small loss, transported for great distances to localities where it may be used under the most advantageous conditions. The result is that we are finding more and more factories scattered over the countryside in small towns and more and more electrified farms and rural homes where life has been restored, in some instances, to something like its former atmosphere. The progress in electrification so far is very small compared with what may be expected in the near future, so that it seems altogether probable that, as Governor Pinchot says, the slums may be replaced with garden cities and country life as a whole returned to its former degree of popularity.

Giant power, furthermore, takes into account some other matters which are not necessarily a part of super-power, but neither are they excluded. Among these is the pretreatment of coal before burning it to conserve the very valuable coal-tar products contained in it. These are now lost by burning the coal directly under the boilers. Their reclamation would of course help to cheapen the cost of electrical power.

Another innovation suggested for American practice is an engineering one which permits much more latitude in selecting locations for the giant power generating stations at the mines than would otherwise be possible. At the present time it is necessary in almost all steam-electric plants to condense the steam after it has passed through the cylinders in order to get the most power from the engine. To do this requires an abundant supply of cold water, especially in a large plant; with the result that power stations must be located in places where it can be obtained. This is frequently not the case at the mine mouths most centrally situated from the standpoint of generating and distributing large amounts of electrical power. Where the supply of cooling water is limited the only thing to do, if other conditions warrant, is to follow the European scheme of constructing apparatus for cooling the cooling-water. This is a practice already well established in the busy industrial sections of that part of the world and worthy of much more attention by Americans than it has so far received.

The giant power report also recognizes that competition in the field of wholesale power generation and distribution is as wasteful and unsatisfactory as for the telephone and railroads; and that effective and constructive public regulation must be employed to see to it that giant power is used for the legitimate good of all concerned. Governor Pinchot is very much afraid that monopolies will be formed if proper regulation is unduly delayed, which will result in a repetition of the controversies between the Government and the railways, for instance, and further embitterments of the "capital vs. labor" variety.

We are now entering a period which



Courtesy National Electric Light Association

Mississippi River Power Company, Keokuk, Iowa, as seen by one looking east from bluff on Iowa side. Government lock and dry dock in the foreground

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

may well be characterized as the "electrical revolution"—a period which should mark an advance in human progress commensurate with that of the industrial revolution, but multiplied by a large factor because the latter has in large measure prepared us for the former. The size of this factor all depends on our ability to see ahead, profit by past experiences, and the strength of our purpose to do what our reason tells us is best in the broadest sense.

Light from the Pacific

By FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT

The first of a series of three articles upon the important issues raised by the discussions in the Institute of Pacific Relations, held in Honolulu in July

I HAVE no intention of giving a detailed account of the Honolulu conference, further than to say that it grew out of the efforts of a voluntary committee in the United States who are particularly interested in the problems of the Far East, and who believe that American public opinion has no adequate body of facts with respect to the vital issues of Asia and the Pacific. Neither has the public opinion of any other country, for that matter, although countries like England are far better informed than we are. President Lowell of Harvard, and President Wilbur of Leland Stanford, who was the permanent Chairman of the Institute at Honolulu, Professor George H. Blakeslee of Clark University, the well-known American authority on foreign affairs in the Far East, and other educators like George Grafton Wilson of Harvard, W. W. Willoughby of Johns Hopkins, and President Mary E. Woolley of Mount Holyoke were among the intellectual leaders from America. But there were also representatives from business and publicist and religious and political areas of thought, as well as technical experts who have advised our Government at the Washington Conference, at Versailles, and on other hard-fought fields.

Delegations and Governments

WITH the exception of the Japanese group, the delegations were free from close governmental relation. The object of the gathering was to let the light in upon the problems of the Pacific by an examination of facts. Therefore there were no findings, no set conclusions. The most appalling fact to us from America was, I think, the sudden grasping of the point that there are great movements in progress in more than half the human race which Americans know very little about, and yet which are exceedingly important to the future welfare and happiness of the Government and people of the United States.

There were other groups representing peoples around the Pacific, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and exceptionally strong representation from Japan and China. Inasmuch as the problems discussed relate mainly to these great Asiatic populations, a few examples of personalities from the Japanese and Chinese groups may properly be cited.

Straight Talk from China

THE group from China attracted very great attention, not only because of the critical nature of the Chinese problem, but because of the poise and vision of the Chinese representatives. This group talked straight from the shoulder. They represented, not the feeble and useless Government at Peking, but the rising forces of the Republic and of new nation-conscious, race-conscious China. There was not the slightest touch of the inferiority complex about them. They could look the white race and Western civilization straight in the eye, and it really gave a white man the queer, uncomfortable feeling that his own pretensions—industrial, political, moral, and religious—were being examined with the superior calm and clearness of four thousand years of racial background and culture; under this scrutiny and searching analysis some much-vaunted industrial, moral, and political ideas and practices of the Western world came through rather badly shriveled and discredited.

Among these striking Chinese was Wen, hard-boiled, rough-necked, and sagacious, the man who spent forty-five days in the bandits' lair, negotiating for the release of the captives taken from the limited express a year or so ago, an event whose international importance was augmented by the presence of a Standard Oil relative in the party. Wen nearly died from the dysentery as a result of the bad food and bad water which he got in the bandits' stronghold. He has recently been commissioner of foreign affairs of the Province of Kiangsu, and superintendent of customs at Shanghai.

There was Jimmie Yen (Yale, 1916), who is the leader in what President Wilbur, of Leland Stanford, named as probably the most notable movement in the world to-day—the national mass education movement of China. I am ashamed to say I had never heard of it until I got two thousand miles out into the Pacific, and I have not been able to find anybody since I reached home who ever heard of it either. It is partly a commentary upon what the publications of the United States regard as foreign news and information fit to print.

The accumulation of learning in the American college is often accounted for by the alleged fact that every freshman brings a little, and no senior ever takes any away. Well, Jimmie Yen took an inspiration and an idea away from Yale in 1916. Jimmie Yen's family are among the Chinese literati, of stock popularly believed to trace back to Confucius. Yen had the chance to make a brilliant and easy career among his kind. Instead he cast in his lot with the toiling, ignorant masses of the Chinese people. Yen had recreative supervision of two hundred thousand coolie laborers behind the lines in France in 1917. His imagination was captured, not only by the good qualities inherent in these coolies, but more by the ignorance, sadness, and hopelessness of their lot. He set out to prepare a text to teach them the rudiments of reading and writing. From this came the inspiration to carry the work to the homeland.

Three hundred million Chinese people can neither read nor write, and are of course for the most part utterly out of touch with the happiness of knowledge and progress. They talk in a vernacular of many dialects which has no repute in their own country as a literary language. All Chinese literature is in a highbrow, classical language which is far above the masses.

Yen of Yale

JIMMIE YEN, of Yale, and Hu Suh, of Cornell and Columbia, are making the best-known dialect of the vernacular national. They have experimented for several years to find just what should constitute the minimum vocabulary of the average man. They have determined that there are about one thousand Chinese characters which every citizen of China should know, regardless of his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

walk in life. They have prepared graded texts, using these one thousand most commonly employed words. One hour a day for six days in a week for four weeks, and the average plain man or woman in China is able to read a simple newspaper or a simple piece of literature. The work has been thoroughly organized by volunteers and is already sweeping several provinces of China. Every available place—private home, school, shop, factory, temple, police station—is being made use of within the area already touched by the movement to conduct classes. The yearning for knowledge is one of the most touching as well as one of the most terrible phenomena of present-day China. The governmental authorities are favorable. There are vast parades of thousands of students, old and young, mothers and children, at the frequent "commencement" seasons when the "literate citizens" are graduated. The governor of the province presides, and certificates are presented to men as old as fifty-eight and boys as young as twelve, to women in silks and women in rags. A notable Chinese lady of wealth, Madam Chung, recently subscribed $100,000 to the expenses of the movement, which is entirely financed in China itself. What is most needed now, Yen told me, is an immediate fund for schools for teacher supervisors. The leadership should be broadened and deepened to keep up with the tremendous mass enthusiasm. I hope Yen can soon come to this country and interest some of our financial foundations and persons of surplus wealth. It is the extraordinary democratic movement of the age, and help from America just now might be far-reaching in its effects. There will be another China when this wave sweeps across the three hundred millions. Which nation will furnish the leadership of ideas to this vast area of "literate citizens"?

The Bolshevist Bogy

I AM not impressed by the Bolshevist bogy. I am satisfied the Communist ideas of present-day Russia will be sterile in the soil of property-loving, property-thinking China, but there was plenty of evidence brought out in the gathering at Honolulu that there is an extraordinary activity of Soviet missionaries among the students and laborers of China. Bolshevism is not at all at the root of the Shanghai riots or the present discontent and unrest in the Chinese Empire. I will try to make that plain a little later. But the existing Government in Russia is taking advantage of the deeper causes and conditions to stir up antagonism in China against the Western world, and notably against America, which has so sorely, and I think sanely, rebuffed her.

Is mass education in China to furnish a channel for the influence of Russia or America? The spiritual origin of this movement is American. The true and unselfish support of it should be American. But first America must know about it and appreciate what it means, and then she will have need of all her idealism, all her better instincts, to make her leadership of thought and action either acceptable or practical.

Boxer Indemnity Products

BOTH these young educational leaders, Yen and Hu Suh, were, I believe, Boxer indemnity scholars to this country. Every year the far-sightedness of Roosevelt further appears. He had the American share of the indemnity for the Boxer outrages turned back to China, with the understanding that it should be used to send students to America. "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days." Nothing succeeds like practical idealism. I heard in Honolulu that England is just waking up to the march Roosevelt stole on the nations when he turned the mind of Chinese students thus toward being educated in this country.

Even the young Chinese engineers who return to the homeland and build railways and factories and other important enterprises put in American specifications for rails and materials, because they know most about them. The English and other manufacturers are thus at a disadvantage in competition.

To take only one more of the fine group from China at Honolulu, consider T. Z. Koo. On the ship crossing from San Francisco I saw a young Chinese in the thirties, with a fine intellectual and spiritual face, the long flowing robe of the scholar, walking the deck, and I said to a friend, "Who is that?" and my friend said, "That is Koo." I am ashamed to say that I asked, "Who is Koo?" and my friend said: "He is a young man just returning from representing China at the Opium Conference in Geneva under the auspices of the League of Nations. He is the man the International Young Men's Christian Association has in mind to relieve and succeed John R. Mott as the guiding spirit of the World's Student Federation." And again provincial America gasped—"What, a Chinese take Mott's place in such a job?" And my friend said, "Oh, yes; Oxford and Cambridge have just heard him gladly." And a little later Lord Radstock, the unofficial representative from England, told me that when Koo made his speech at Geneva in the name of China against the organized opium traffic throughout the world the whole great audience rose to its feet in respect for the very brilliance of the presentation. When I talked with Koo and heard him at the gathering at Honolulu, I no longer had any doubt as to whether he could take Mott's place or the place of any white man in a similar capacity. He is the spiritual prophet of the new young China. On Sunday morning, in the magnificent Central Union Church in Honolulu, crowded with men and women from many lands, at a meeting the whole setting and quality of which could hardly have been matched in Christendom, Koo was chosen to make the address. Nobody who heard it will ever forget it. It was a message stripped of all bigotry, of all theological dross, of all racial and national cant. The leadership of Buddha and Confucius were generously recognized and interpreted, but as prophets seeing in part and through a glass darkly.

"What is drawing the Eastern world inevitably to Jesus," said Koo, "is the consciousness that he has the true secret of living for the individual and the nations, the effective cure for the human spirit and the spirit of society. His was a personality conscious of the eternal Father and of that Father's love, who points the way through the unselfish life to happiness and hope for the race. In him is the dynamic of progress, as truly for the Orient as for the Roman Empire in the first century."

Wasting Christian Dollars

KOO spoke of the present non-Christian agitation in China. This movement publishes a violent non-Christian paper called "The Awakening." In one issue recently there were forty letters of denunciation—twenty-four against Christian churches and dogmas, eight against the defects and vices of Christendom, seven against certain individual Christians, but only one among the non-Christian haters wrote against Christ. The Orient has no quarrel with Christ.

But Koo made it evident that the statesmanship of Christianity must watch its step. It is clear that every dollar put into merely denominational, theological, or dogmatic Christianity in the Orient is worse than wasted. A divisive denominational Christendom, an industrially exploitative Christendom, an imperialistic Christendom, has no chance in the China that is awakening. As I shall later try to show, China is developing antitoxins within her own body against these mortal foes.

The burly Chester H. Rowell, of California and the American group, put it strongly to the conference like this:

> The whole Orient is challenging the claim of Christendom to moral leadership. The Christianity of Christ the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

East understands and might accept, but it denies that the Christianity of Christ is the Christianity of Christendom. Was the war in Europe between Christian nations a Christian war? Was the God to whom each side prayed to destroy the other, the heavenly Father of Christ? Is the fierce greed of the white man to exploit the yellow man industrially a reflection of the Sermon on the Mount? By what title may the Occident send missionaries to the Orient until it becomes Christian itself? These are not the academic theories of loose critics, but the aroused challenge of a race and an ancient culture revolting against the long assumption of superiority of the European and American race and civilization over the races of mankind. The major half of the earth is aroused to a new consciousness and a new sense of equality. It questions the white man's right to lead after the old fashion, and defies his power to rule. Of all the consequences of the war, this is the most far-reaching. The white man's guns may still cow those who have no guns to meet them, but the white man's spiritual dominance is gone. If he regains it, he must earn it.

When the whole story of the facts brought out at the gathering at Honolulu is told, on the industrial as well as the spiritual and political side, this characterization of Rowell's will be seen to be true. But there are one or two comforting reflections. When you trace back the careers of these earth-shaking leaders in the aroused Orient of to-day, it was some great missionary or educator or institution like Yale or Princeton or Cornell or Columbia, generally American, which inspired them. And another reflection—there were those who heard Koo in Honolulu who wondered if the religion of Christ, which had its origin in the Orient, and has been so many times terribly bungled and falsified in the West, is not to receive its fullest and finest interpretation in that part of the world from which he came.

Certain it is that these men from the Orient, including others from Japan whom I shall mention in another article, were worth traveling to Honolulu to talk to, even if there had been no international gathering at all.

Camp Roosevelt, Yellowstone Park, Wyoming.

Hudson, Hyde Park, Jacob Epstein, and the Public

A London Art Letter by C. LEWIS HIND

THE talk is still going on, the Philistine is still raging; but as the Government, being a Government, will do nothing (it has other things to think about), I may as well now tell the wonderful story of the Bird Sanctuary in Hyde Park dedicated to the memory of the late W. H. Hudson, lover of birds and writer of fine prose.

It is situated northwest of the Serpentine—a charming inclosed garden, with trim grass, two long, narrow pools of water for the birds to sport in, and around are shrubberies and trees. A railing protects this inclosed garden from intruders.

Reading the above, you would not think that this Bird Sanctuary has aroused a greater turmoil of discussion in the newspapers and verbal fights leading sometimes to blows than any "art topic" within my recollection. For a parallel we must go back to the battles that raged over the post-impressionist pictures exhibited at the Grafton Galleries in the winter of 1910–11.

THE cause is the bas-relief carved by Jacob Epstein in the center of a kind of two-stepped altar that faces the observer, some distance away, as he looks over the iron railing, and beyond the trim grass and long pools wherein, when the excitement has subsided and the trampling feet of Epsteinites and anti-Epsteinites are hushed, the merry Hyde Park birds will take their morning bath.

The reason that the British public (not all) dislikes—indeed, hates—this Epstein bas-relief is because the British public is nationalist in regard to sculpture, and has been brought up in the accepted traditional public monument conditions, whose aim is the obvious, exemplified by many (not all) of the effigies in London streets, and particularly by the monuments to the Prince Consort and Queen Victoria.

I happen to be an internationalist in regard to sculpture, and, whatever my

From the London "Sphere"

The Hudson Memorial in Hyde Park completed, with the very much discussed Epstein panel as its main feature

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

predilections and prejudices may be, I do not allow them to interfere (my catholicity makes the effort slight) with my appreciation of a work of art. Frankly, there is much in Epstein's vision and philosophy that is antipathetic to me, particularly his obsession with the ubiquitous "sex motive," but I can tell with one eye that he is a great carver and a master of design, and, since the sculptures of Egypt and Assyria make a greater appeal to me than the sculptures of Greece, which simply means that I am moved more by mystery than by perfection, I find myself a great admirer of the work of Jacob Epstein. Let the reader cast his eyes over the fifty reproductions in the handsome book called "Epstein," by Bernard van Dieren, published by the John Lane Company. I am lost in admiration before, say, "Detail from Tomb of Oscar Wilde," "Sun God," "Doves," "The Tin Hat," "An American Soldier," "Admiral Lord Fisher," "Augustus John." And I am a fervent admirer of Epstein's austere, archaic figures on the British Medical Building in the Strand.

THE chief complaints against the offending Epstein bas-relief in the Bird Sanctuary is that it is ugly, distorted, and un-English; that the carved birds are mythical, not in the least like the Hyde Park birds, and that the figure of the woman does not represent Rima, the girl described by Hudson in "Green Mansions," whose visionary power she is supposed to embody.

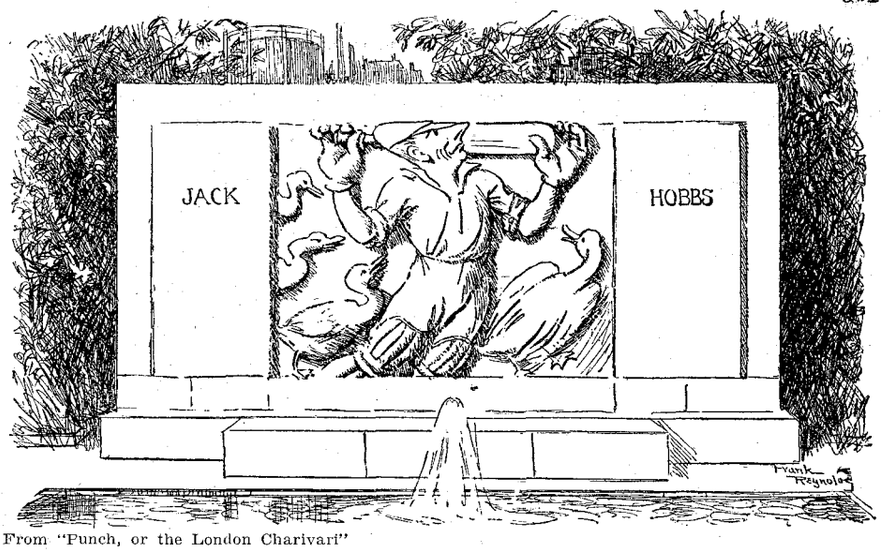
Here we are at the old-new fight between representation and expression.

Epstein is an expressionist, and he is certainly not in the English tradition, although now, I believe, a British subject. It is not in him to design a pretty, slim, and graceful Rima, which is what most English people want. How could he, being born of Russian-Polish parents in America? The fault, if fault there be, and I do not admit it, lies in the choice by the Hudson Memorial Committee of Epstein. The leading spirit of the Committee was H. B. Cunninghame Graham, who is also an internationalist in art, and who has shown in the discussion that he is well able to take care of himself.

Of the crowds who have discussed the Epstein bas-relief, including questioners in the House of Commons and a gentleman who spoke for twelve hours against the bas-relief standing on a tub in front of the Bird Sanctuary, I should say that ten per cent are strongly in favor, forty per cent are violently against, and the remaining fifty per cent are merely bewildered and a little amused, as most people are before a work of art that has vision and philosophy in it.

I belong to the ten per cent. I regard this bas-relief as an austere and memorable carving, with a suggestion of archaic mystery and a curious uplifting sensation shown in the upward-gazing head of the woman. It gives an ageless and lovely dignity to the fresh and fragrant Bird Sanctuary.

At present it looks somewhat new. But time—the best old master—will see to that. In a little while, in a year or so, it will tone down, it will take on the gray hue of London, and Epstein's bas-relief that has had its many weeks of "Listen to me, my friend!" "What's Old England done?" "Study the ancients, old sport!" "It's a disgrace, a scandal!" "I rather like it," will suffer the fate of most monuments—polite inattention.



From "Punch, or the London Charivari"

Another tribute—Proposed memorial to a cricketer who has no interest in ducks

Chivalry

A Story by KATHARINE HOLLAND BROWN

"CHIVALRY," declared that earnest young researcher Augustus John Cheney, A.B., A.M., Ph.D., to his not-at-all-earnest class of seniors, slouching in their chairs before him, "chivalry was essentially the fine flower of leisure. It had its roots in the protective instinct of men and in the helplessness of women. Plus, if you please, the spacious time and the atmosphere in which such a flower could develop. It is extinct to-day, for the simple reason that it cannot exist, it can find no time nor place nor nurture, in this age of rank commercialism."

There was quite a good deal more of it. Young Professor Cheney did not admire to-day's world, and he said so, with permutations and combinations and marginal notes. His history class endured as best they could that warm, lovely autumn afternoon. The young man did not note their lack of enthusiasm. He was too intent on his subject. When the chimes rang the hour, and he must dismiss, he did so reluctantly. Still in a fine glow, he climbed aboard an interurban car, and set off for Gloucester, where he proposed to spend his well-earned week-end.

Amber autumn sunlight sparkled on the frost-painted splendor of the Cape Ann woods; birch, maple, sumac, dogwood, a blaze of wine and crimson and ruddy gold. Young Cheney decided to ride on through Gloucester, and circle the Cape.

FOR some distance the trolley line paralleled the highroad, to-day, as always, a flying pageant of automobiles. Superb cars, for the most part, owned by the wealthy summer colonists. Driven, as a rule, with serene disregard of the Cape speed laws. Cheney watched their whirling grandeurs with a blandly indifferent eye. Presently his attention swerved to the girl on the seat ahead of him.

She was not an especially thrilling girl. Obviously, a little high school student

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What 7% Means to You

This interest rate on SMITH BONDS is combined now with a record of *no loss to any investor in 52 years*

Fifty-two Years of Proven Safety Proven safety is the feature of Smith Bonds that appeals most strongly to conservative investors. And rightly so, for safety is the first essential of successful investing. But the rate of interest you receive—in other words, what you accomplish with the money you invest—also has an important bearing on the success of your investment.

Profitable as well as Safe In Smith Bonds, the proven safety of 52 years is combined now with the attractive interest rate of 7%, which adds impetus to the growth of your invested funds. Moreover, you have the privilege of using our Investment Savings Plan, which gives you the full rate of bond interest on every payment, and which enables you to *compound* your interest at the bond rate.

An Independent Monthly Income Money grows surprisingly fast when interest is compounded at 7%. If you invest $50 a month in 7% Smith Bonds, and reinvest your interest at the same rate, you will have saved, in 10 years, $8,657.10—enough to give you, at 7%, a monthly income of more than $50; that is, a monthly income greater than your monthly investment.

How $10 a Month Becomes $25,000 Here is another example of what 7% will do. If a man starts at the age of 25 to invest *only $10 a month* in 7% Smith Bonds, and reinvests the interest at the same rate, he will have, at the age of 65, more than $25,000. Yet he actually will pay only $4,800. All the rest will be compound interest.

How an Investment Doubles Itself Our Investment Savings Plan also enables you to compound your income from an investment simply by reinvesting the interest coupons. If you own a $1,000 bond paying 7%, and reinvest the coupons at 7%, your original investment of $1,000 will grow, in 10½ years, to $2,000.

First Mortgage Security 7% Smith Bonds are First Mortgage Bonds, strongly secured by improved, income-producing city property, and protected by time-tested safeguards. You may buy Smith Bonds outright or under our Investment Savings Plan, in $100, $500 and $1,000 denominations. Maturities range from 2 to 15 years. Send your name and address for our two booklets, telling the facts you will want to know about Smith Bonds and explaining all details of our Investment Savings Plan.

The F. H. Smith Co.

Founded 1873

New York, Philadelphia, **Smith Bldg., Washington, D.C.**, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis

NO LOSS TO ANY INVESTOR IN 52 YEARS

Name 6-R

Address .....

Please print name and address plainly

homeward bound. Half a dozen books were tucked under her slim little arm. Her hat, tilted over her small apple-blossom face, had a band of her class colors, her class pin flaunted its gay enamel on her white-linen blouse. She was fresh and sweet and wistful and a bit demure, and that was all.

Young Cheney viewed her through his large owlish spectacles with a mild interest. Perhaps a glint of pity. Here was a nice girl, he reflected, one of the millions and millions of nice girls, who would never know what the word "chivalry" meant. Born into an utterly mercenary century, reared in a naïve equality with the men students with whom she rubbed elbows every day, what chance had she to know of the real graces of life? How could she dream of the deep and tender honor which in a nobler day had lifted woman to a pedestal, and kept her there, shielded, reverenced, adored?

"Poor little shrimp!" sighed young Cheney, who was at times very young indeed, despite the many members of the alphabet that tagged after his name.

Down alongside the highway, still in full sight of the trolley passengers, a long embankment had been thrown up during road repairing. All along the right of way groups of Hunkies labored with pick and shovel. Unbeautiful Hunkies, in torn and faded shirts and rough khaki breeches and miry shoes. This embankment intrenched on the highway; thus it apparently lessened the risk a pedestrian must take in crossing that road through the race of motor cars. At least, so one workman must have thought. For he started across, with only a glance to the left, not towards the wooded bend to the right.

Round that bend shot a great black car. With not one hoot of warning, it flashed by. There was left only a limp dusty heap in the middle of the road.

The motorman on the trolley car had seen it all. Shocked and unnerved, he stopped his car. Of the handful of passengers, only a few had seen the tragedy. The rest cried out startled questions.

Down at the roadside the Hunkies stood, agape. Then a foreman leaped into the road, and, with the aid of two laborers, carried that limp heap across and laid it on the grass, behind some sumac bushes. Another man ran down the hill to the nearest telephone to summon an ambulance.

The murderer car had not slackened speed even. And not another automobile halted. They streamed by, streamed by, unaware.

One or two passengers started down to help, then drew back. It was just a ditch-digger. And there were plenty of his mates to do what need be done. Young Cheney, however, fighting back a dizzy repulsion, started down the slope. One glance, though, told him that he could do nothing now. He turned aside, rather limp.

Meanwhile, aboard the car, the young girl had sat still, in a tremor of frightened indecision. Now, still frightened, but resolute, she climbed off and scrambled down the slope. Young Cheney saw her coming. He turned to her uncertainly.

"I'm not sure you ought to go down there. He—things are pretty bad, I guess."

"I don't care. I must go." Quaking but determined, she pushed on towards where the little group of men stood and gesticulated and chattered, around that lax, still heap. "I—I took first aid, last year. Maybe I can be s-some use—"

"But if it's too late"—Cheney hesitated. He himself was dazed by the suddenness of the accident. Well-meaning youngster, he thought deeply enough on occasion, Heaven knows, but he never did think quickly. He could not. He was not made that way. Dimly he knew that he ought to make the girl go back. But he could not decide why. Nor, somehow, could he find the words with which to send her away. Therefore he wavered irresolutely at her little heels.

Now the girl had taken a tight grip on her courage. She pushed on towards that group. She had almost reached it when the biggest and muddiest Hunky turned and saw her coming.

The biggest Hunky's jaw dropped. A minute he stared at the girl—her swift determined approach, her childish daintiness, her white, awed little face. Then, with a strange uncouth grunt, he sprang towards her. His huge muddy arms went round her. One gigantic apelike paw, smeary with mud, clamped hard over her eyes.

"No, no, no!" His voice was a bellow of terror—terror and command. "No see! No see!"

As if he picked up a child, he swung her high in his arms and went plunging and staggering up the slope with her.

"Hi, there! Put her down! Put her *down,* I tell you!" Cheney turned, dashed at his heels like a terrier. For one preposterous minute the young man knew a leap of primitive rage and fear. The Hunky was so huge and so muddy and so powerful, he had snatched up the girl so roughly, was holding her crushed so tightly to him, such a helpless tiny armful. The girl was so small, so light

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and exquisite and frail. "Put her down, I tell you. *Down!*"

The Hunky did not answer. He did not even pause in his shambling, stumbling run up the hummocky hill.

Not till he had reached the trolley car did he set the girl down. Then, apologetically, he smoothed down her rumpled skirt, brushed the mud—mud of his own sleeve—from her white-linen shoulder, and grunted an incoherent word or so. Young Cheney, stumbling close behind, did not catch that word. But the girl did catch it. The girl understood.

Over her delicate, ashen-white little face there came a quick soft color. Then she leaned close to the man. Into her eyes came a look of such loveliness, such tender understanding, that young Cheney gasped out at sight of it. Then, to his utter amaze, she put up one soft small hand. Softly, as if she caressed a child, yet with a little proud, gentle approval, she touched the Hunky's grimy shoulder. No, it was not just a touch, that proud little tender gesture. It was an accolade.

"All aboard! There's nothing we-all can do. Here comes the ambulance."

The girl climbed on the car. It started away. But Cheney did not board that car. Instead, he scrambled back down the hill and caught up with the biggest Hunky. The ambulance had come, indeed. Into it strong hands had lifted that limp dusty bundle of clothes that was, they all knew, just a bundle of clothes now. And nothing more.

A MINUTE the little crowd stood, heads bare, looking after the ambulance as it sped away. Then Cheney touched the biggest Hunky's arm.

"Listen, boy. Why were you so determined that that girl should not help? To be sure, the man was already dead. But you were not sure of that at the time, were you?"

The biggest Hunky struggled with this for a minute or so.

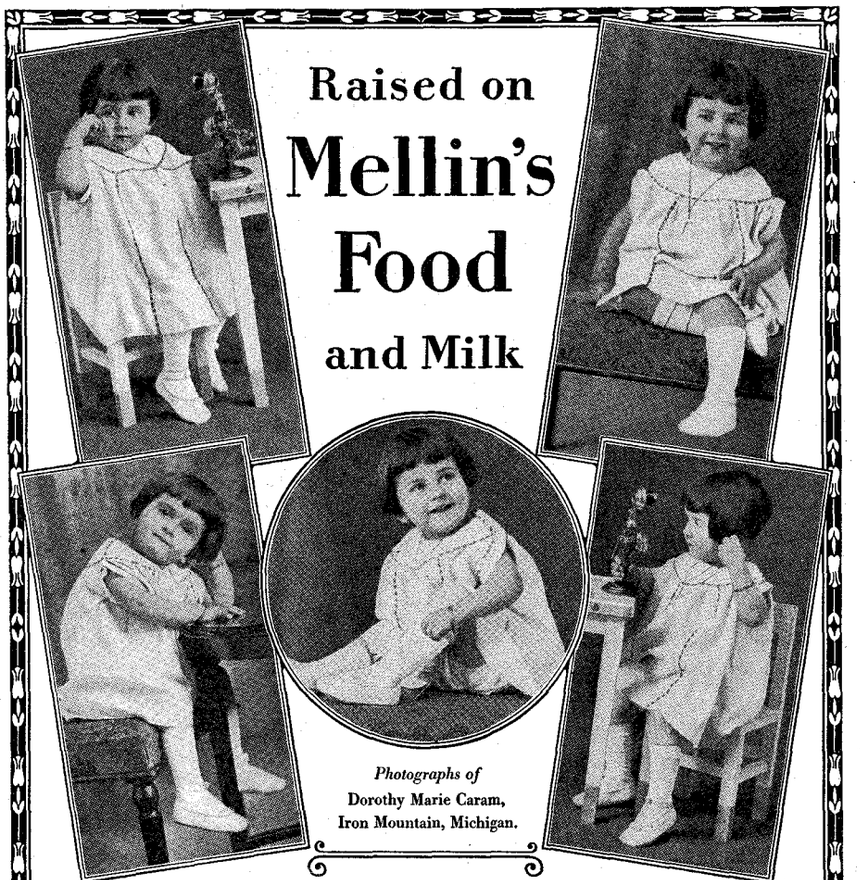
"No. Not know for sure. But I seenk dead. All look so terrible."

"Well, then, if you were not sure, why were you so anxious to keep her away? Why did you snatch her up and put your hand over her eyes, even?"

The Hunky scratched his head. It took him still longer this time to get the words into line in his mind. And even longer yet to push the words out. Finally they came:

"S'e yong. S'e some day get marrit, be momma, like my woman. S'e want all spunk s'e got for be momma. S'e don't want see nossing like that, for remember all days—and make afraid."

"Oh," said young Mr. Cheney. His voice was very meek, indeed. "Oh, now



Photographs of
Dorothy Marie Caram,
Iron Mountain, Michigan.

Write to us for a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food and our helpful book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants."

Mellin's Food Company, 177 State Street, Boston, Mass.

There's a Lot to See—

On the Other Side

HAVE you made your plans for your Fall trip? That's the time the cruises start for Port Saïd, Singapore, and points East. Why not begin now to plan definitely to see at least one spot you've never seen before?

You can make all your arrangements mathematically perfect if you work out the details with the Travel Bureau.

Where shall it be?

At your service without charge

HOTEL AND TRAVEL BUREAU

The Outlook 120 East 16th Street, New York

In writing to the above advertisers, please mention The Outlook

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I understand." And with that he gave the biggest Hunky a very hard slap on the back, not unlike an accolade too. And he tramped away up the little slope, and set off toward the far blue hills. And there was mist on his owlish glasses and humility in his young green earnest soul.

"Chivalry! So chivalry is dead, eh? Fat chance!" said young Professor Cheney, grimly, to himself. For, despite all his dignity, all his erudition, there were times when this lofty spirit descended to the eminently colloquial. "Dead, your granny! Playing 'possum, you mean!"

The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

A Good Scout

Review by W. J. GHENT

"OLD GABE" BRIDGER, caricatured in a popular novel and burlesqued in a popular film play, receives in this extended biography [1] something of his just due. The author has sought to assemble every contemporary reference to the famous guide and to trace definitely his movements through all the long years of his career. In great measure he has succeeded. There are, as he admits, lapses in the record which may never be filled. But his unflagging labors have resulted in a work of great merit, which is sure to take high rank in the literature of the frontier.

The book, for all its merits, has certain faults. There are several slighting references to Kit Carson—all of them unjust—made apparently on the theory that a lessening of Carson's fame automatically heightens the fame of Bridger. Some valuable records have been overlooked—for instance, Osborne Russell's diary (1834–43), with its many references to Bridger, and George C. Yount's reminiscences, with their fresh light on the Hugh Glass episode. The account of the Mormon War (1857–8) is told with somewhat too much partisanship to make good history. The frontier yarn (told by Captain Lee Humfreville) that Bridger induced Frémont to engage Carson as the guide of his first expedition (1842), is naïvely accepted, though it has no historical basis. Both Frémont and Carson have told the story of their chance meeting on a Missouri River steamboat in the spring of that year, and the facts leave no room whatever for the intervention of Bridger. Moreover, Bridger was then in the mountains, and knew nothing of the expedition until he met it on the North Platte in July. Joe Meek's "Umentucken Tukutey Undenwatsy," as Sabin has shown, doesn't mean "Mountain Lamb," or anything else appropriate to the name of a beautiful Indian bride, and isn't Cheyenne, Sioux, Crow, Shoshone, or any other Indian tongue, but is merely a bit of Meek's mystifying gibberish.

Such faults, however, must count for little in a general estimate of the book. It is a monument of patient industry. It builds on the work of General Grenville M. Dodge, Professor Grace Raymond Hebard and E. A. Brininstool, Captain Lee Humfreville, and General Hiram M. Chittenden, adds an immense amount of material, and gives us for the first time a rounded biography of the great frontiersman. Strange it is that a life which so eminently deserved to be described in print has so long waited for a biographer. Carson, be it remembered, attained the distinction of a biography sixty-seven years ago.

Here is the real Bridger, "the one man of the time," as a contemporary wrote of him, "that I never heard anything but good spoken of." Of his marvelous skill in all the arts of the trapper, hunter, and guide; of his fearlessness, alertness, hardihood; of his uprightness, helpfulness, loyalty, so much has been told that the tributes would of themselves make a volume. Whether or not he was the "greatest of the frontiersmen" involves, of course, a comparison with Carson; and it is deplorable that a number of his admirers have sought to belittle Carson in their efforts to give Bridger pre-eminence. The comparison must in any case be futile. They had much the same training and were for several years constantly together; both illiterate (though Carson late in life learned to read and write), they were both exceptionally gifted; they had many of the same traits, they acquired the same proficiencies, they won from their fellows the highest degree of respect and trust, and the tributes paid to one can be matched with tributes paid to the other. But their paths diverged, and their subsequent careers were markedly different. It is perhaps best to say that each in his special field was supreme, and that nothing is to be gained for the reputation of one by depreciating the other.

It is sad to reflect that Bridger, who had done so much for the West, was shabbily treated by the Government and that he died poor. The pathetic record of his vain attempts to obtain compensation for his loss of Fort Bridger illustrates again the old adage concerning a republic's ingratitude.

[1] James Bridger, Trapper, Frontiersman, Scout, and Guide: A Historical Narrative. By J. Cecil Alter. The Shepard Book Company, Salt Lake City. $10.

Politics and Government

THE SOCIOLOGY OF REVOLUTION. By Pitirim A. Sorokin. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $3.

Professor Sorokin was formerly head of the Department of Sociology in the University of Petrograd. He remained in Russia during the Bolshevik régime until October, 1922, when he was expelled. For a time he lived in Czechoslovakia, and then came to the United States. He is now a Professor of Sociology in the University of Minnesota. It was in Czechoslovakia that this book was written. The English of the original must have been extremely crude, since even after a rigorous revision much of the diction remains awkward and bunglesome.

Nevertheless it is, in the opinion of the present reviewer, the most important work on a social theme that has appeared in a long time. It is a study of the genesis and results of revolutions—more properly, *social* revolutions, since it restricts its inquiry to upheavals within a single society, and excludes rebellions against a foreign society, such as that of the American people against the British in 1776–83. It considers the Russian revolutions of the seventeenth century, of 1905 and of 1917–24; the French revolutions of 1789, 1848, and 1870–1; the German revolution of 1848; the Cromwellian revolution in England; and a number of mediæval and ancient upheavals.

Professor Sorokin sees in revolutions, first, a change in the psychology of a people, and then in its behavior. There is a progressive "biologizing" of the population; the human being reverts to the animal, casts off the inhibitions that have been developed in him by civil order, and gives way to primitive instincts. There follows a deformation of the social structure of society and a change of fundamental social processes. Crime and sexual perversion run rampant. Chaos

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

continues until gradually a sense develops that the situation is intolerable; restraints and inhibitions once more begin to find expression, and order is slowly resumed. Society has had its revolution; it may have scored a few gains; more likely it has suffered losses; but, even if it has won anything, it has paid for its gain at a disproportionate cost.

In support of these propositions he gives voluminous data. Naturally, the Bolshevik Revolution furnishes the greater part. It is the instance about which he knows most, and the one which bears most aptly upon the validity of his theories. Moreover, lest he lay himself open to the charge of having selected his data from unfriendly sources, he confines himself almost wholly to official and semi-official statements of the Bolsheviki themselves. The record is an amazing one, even to those who have followed the events closely since the beginning; and perhaps it may serve to enlighten those who heretofore have eagerly fed upon the familiar Soviet fabrications intended for foreign consumption. Here are carefully documented reports of the "biologizing" of a people on a scale perhaps unparalleled in history.

Revolution, the author shows, is a poor mode of improving the material and spiritual condition of the masses. It does not tend to socialize society, but to give it over either to anarchy or to despotism. It reduces the sum of liberties, it impairs the economic and the spiritual state of the people, and its heaviest burden of disaster invariably falls upon the poor. Reform or reconstruction, he maintains, is won and maintained only by legal and constitutional means, and not by acts which outrage human nature and contradict its fundamental instincts.

Biography

ROBERT E. LEE, THE SOLDIER. By Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $4.

General Maurice has studied Lee and his campaigns for many years. What he offers is not a biography, but a review of the military career of Lee and an estimate of his rank as a soldier. Following Henderson, the author of a life of Stonewall Jackson, General Maurice picks Wellington as the commander with whom Lee is most closely to be compared. That Wellington was probably superior as an organizer is admitted, though the contrasting conditions under which the two commanders operated is held to make any decision in the matter impossible. In other respects—and especially in the devotion which he was able to inspire in his troops—Lee is declared to be the superior. The author follows the "Virginia school" in attributing the disaster at Gettysburg to the conduct of Longstreet. To Longstreet's statement that, though in science and military learning Lee was greatly the superior of Grant, yet "in the art of war I have no doubt that Grant and several others were his equals," the author attaches the comment that Lee's greatest defect as a general was his unwillingness to control Longstreet.

The author treats with respect the statement of General Grant to J. R. Young that he did not regard Lee as so dangerous an opponent as any one of several other Southern commanders, particularly Joe Johnston. One must remember, however, he says, that Grant never met Lee until after the Gettysburg defeat had forced him into a strategy purely defensive. The Lee who drove McClellan from the Peninsula, routed Pope, and defeated Hooker would have appeared to Grant in another way. Finally, the author places Lee as a captain somewhere in the company of Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Gustavus, Turenne, Eugene, and Frederick. Though the mention is not clear, presumably he means also to include Napoleon.

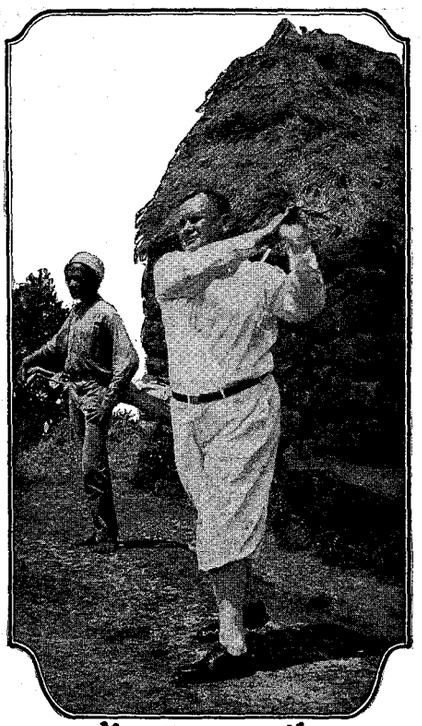
Fiction

THUS FAR. By J. C. Snaith. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

Mr. Snaith's new novel is a murder mystery, fantastic, gruesome, and exciting, excellently told for perhaps three-quarters of the way, with a marked decline toward the conclusion. Although advertised as "impressively showing the dangers of the path when man seeks to create superman," neither its pseudo-science nor its super-monster possesses any serious significance; both are interesting so far as they have power to entertain, and no further. "Thus Far" is far enough, and it is unwise and unnecessary to claim more.

SERENA BLANDISH; OR, THE DIFFICULTY OF GETTING MARRIED. By a Lady of Quality. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.50.

Hints are thrown out that this is really by an English Lady of Quality and written out of her own experience. We take it to be a witty indiscretion by some skillful writer—Arnold Bennett, say. Its style, like its title, goes back a century or two, and is so carefully blended that we hardly know whether it reminds us chiefly of Jane Austen or Smollett or Fielding. Or isn't its bland naughtiness French rather than English of any period? There is something refreshing here, anyhow—a lightness and gayety especially grateful in this day of heavy-handed traffic with the business of sex. Not much can be said for Serena, but the need of saying anything for or against her somehow does not actively present itself. She is an engaging spec-



"Tee up" this Autumn in Hawaii

Barefoot native caddy—Hawaiian grass-hut shelter—a sunny tee and rainbow-vaulted, velvet-smooth fairway—here's a new golf experience awaiting you this fall.

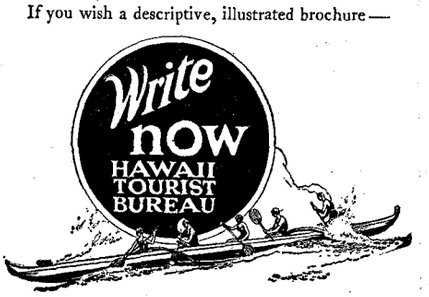
After the children are in school, rest and play several weeks or months in this sunny mid-Pacific Territory of the United States. Return home for Thanksgiving or Christmas if you wish. Autumnal seas are exceptionally smooth. Cool days invite you to outdoor sports—golf, motoring, tennis, hiking, deep-sea fishing, inter-island cruising. Crisp, quiet nights for sound sleep.

Try the golf courses on all the four larger islands. Between times, enjoy tropic fruits, exotic flowers, Hawaiian music. Swimming and surfing at Waikiki. Ample hotels, modern conveniences and moderate living costs. Volcanic wonders of Hawaii National Park are especially accessible in autumn.

Easy—and inexpensive

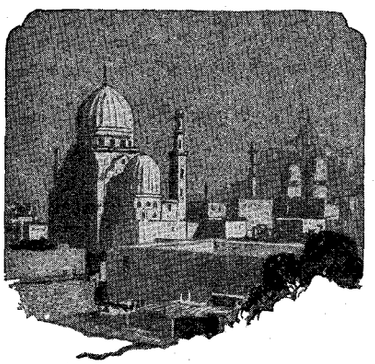
Book through your nearest railway, travel or steamship agent direct to Honolulu. Enjoy the 5- to 6-day voyage in luxurious liners via Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle, Vancouver or Victoria, B. C. Round trip can be made from the Coast in 3 or 4 weeks, allowing a week or two in Hawaii, for as little as $300 to $400 including all travel and sightseeing costs.

If you wish a descriptive, illustrated brochure—



223 MONADNOCK BLDG., SAN FRANCISCO
352 FORT ST., HONOLULU, HAWAII, U. S. A.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Strange Lands

of infinite charm lie just beyond the horizon — sailings every Saturday for the Orient and Round the World

The word "Orient" quickens the imagination. It is a part of the world which is filled with charm, with interest, with strange adventure.

Oriental lands are so ancient and yet so new to us of the Western World. They are crowded with things to do and see that can be found nowhere else.

Hawaii is beautiful beyond description. Japan, China,—what rare days these countries promise! One sees the old contrasted with the new—the awakening of great nations that are to touch and influence every phase of the world's history.

Then the Philippines, Malaya, Ceylon, India. Unforgettable experiences are offered. Shop for silks, batiks, precious stones, rare furniture and valued ivories.

Here are artisans whose trade has been handed down from father to son for centuries.

Egypt is another world, yet just as filled with interest. The Holy Land, and then across the Mediterranean to Italy and France.

Here is a world cruise on palatial American President Liners. Magnificent oil-burners, they provide every comfort for this greatest of all trips.

They circuit the globe with sailings every Saturday from San Francisco. Fortnightly sailings from Boston, New York and Los Angeles. A fortnightly service returning from the Orient to San Francisco.

Your room is commodious and delightfully furnished. The cuisine is excellent. The service is personal.

Plan now your voyage. For full information communicate with any ticket or tourist agent or with

DOLLAR STEAMSHIP LINE

15 Moore Street, New York City
50 Yamashita Cho, Yokohama
7-A Kaigan Dori, Kobe
29 Nanking Rd., Shanghai
Hongkong and Shanghai Bank Bldg., Hongkong
24 Calle David, Manila

Hugh Mackenzie, G. P. A.
311 California Street, Department M-908
San Francisco, California

tacle of human charm and folly, with the consideration of sexual morality altogether left out. We don't feel guilty for getting a little fond of her, for being a little sorry for her in the end. But nothing too much. The note of amiable laughter is never permitted to go shrill. It is an entertainment neither for Victorians nor for anti-Victorians, but a piece of demure mockery in the Gallic (or perhaps the eighteenth-century) manner.

Travel

TRAILING THE SUN AROUND THE EARTH. By H. H. Hitchcock. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.

The journal of Mr. and Mrs. Hitchcock abroad, once available only to the fortunate relatives and friends who received it in mimeographed installments, may now be obtained by any one at any bookstore. It is to be hoped that one of that larger public will be Mr. Donald Ogden Stewart, who once wrote a not dissimilar book, about a Mr. and Mrs. Haddock. However, there is in this record nothing to offend, a spirit of artless enjoyment that is somehow infectious, and a large number of half-tone pictures of such familiar places as the Taj Mahal and Carcassonne ("Carcassonne! Carcassonne! Have you never been to Carcassonne? So the plaintive story runs, for she [*sic*] had never been to Carsassonne [*sic*], although she lived but a few miles therefrom," to quote from the book).

Miscellaneous

COMMERCE YEAR BOOK, 1924. Compiled by the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. The Government Printing Office, Washington. $1.

This volume is sold on its merits. It contains information concerning the wide variety of subjects dealing with domestic and foreign production and trade, with maps, charts, tables, etc. A useful book of reference.

THE WESTERN OCEAN PACKETS. By Basil Lubbock. The Charles E. Lauriat Company, Boston. $3.50.

The Atlantic is of course the ocean designated as "Western," puzzling as that term must always seem to the person born this side of Cape Race. For half a century the carrying trade of that ocean was held by the fleet packets, with their great spread of sail. These thrilling pages vividly reproduce those vanished days. Here are tales both somber and gay—tales of fair weather, swift runs, smart officers and orderly crews, and other tales of stormy voyages and brutal officers quelling mutiny with an iron hand. Also much more is given than the history and the romance of these famous racers. The author has searched the records for the most detailed information and has packed his pages with the gleanings. There is all here that the average reader will want to know about the subject. An entertaining and informing book.

THE SPIRIT OF THE HIVE: CONTEMPLATIONS OF A BEEKEEPER. By Dallas Lore Sharp. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.50.

The truthful testimony of one reader who views a bee with the same affection he would accord a snake is that Mr. Sharp persuaded him, at least while under the spell of his heightened and musical prose, that the life of a beekeeper is desirable above all others and the rigid regimentation of the life of his charges a model for human conduct. When Mr. Sharp says that bees are pure poetry, and reinforces the assertion with pages of beautiful prose, it is difficult to persist in the belief that life in the hive is pure horror. Mr. Sharp does not need to be compared with Fabre and Maeterlinck. He has written a book quite his own and one that will take a very high place in the literature of his subject.

Notes on New Books

NEW DAYS IN LATIN AMERICA. By Webster E. Browning. The Missionary Education Movement, New York. $1.

A missionary's views of South and Central America.

THE GOSPEL OF JOHN. Edited with a Translation by Sir Herbert Thompson. The British School of Archæology in Egypt, London.

A study of the earliest Coptic manuscript, with photographic facsimiles.

PUBLIC HEALTH. By William Henry Welch. The Yale University Press, New Haven. $1.

By the Director of the School of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins University.

THE ESSENTIAL AMERICAN TRADITION. Compiled and with an Introduction by Jesse Lee Bennett. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $3.

"An anthology of striking and significant passages from our National documents, State papers, and the writings and speeches of American statesmen and leaders from 1619 to 1924."

WATERS OF LIFE. By Julia P. Dabney. The Torch Press, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

A drama in four acts; the characters are Romans and early Christians, the time of the play A.D. 120.

FIGHTIN' THROUGH. By Nellie Revell. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.50.

The author, after three years of physical and financial bankruptcy, found her way back in one year to her former health and happiness. This book tells how she did it.

THE ETERNAL HUNGER. By Edward A. Steiner. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.25.

Devotional articles describing the author's religious experiences.

THE INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANITY ON FUNDAMENTAL INSTITUTIONS. By Philo W. Sprague. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.50.

By the Rector Emeritus, St. John's Church, Charlestown, Massachusetts.

FROM OVER THE BORDER. By Vernon Monroe McCombs. The Missionary Education Movement, New York. Cloth 75c.; paper 50c.

A study of the Mexicans in the United States.

A MODERN PILGRIMAGE TO PALESTINE. By L. B. Pemberton. Dorrance & Co., Philadelphia. $3.

Descriptions of travel in Europe, in the Holy Land, and in other parts of the Orient.

HIDDEN VALLEY. By Garrett Chatfield Pier. The Stratford Company, Boston.

A story founded on the exodus, with Moses as its central character.

In writing to the above advertiser, please mention The Outlook

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING SECTION

INCLUDING

HOTELS — TRAVEL

Real Estate, Hotels and Resorts, Tours and Travel, etc. — *60c. per line, single column*

Situations Wanted, Help Wanted, Miscellaneous, etc. — *10c. per word Box number 25c.*

Hotels and Resorts

Canada

Perfect Relaxation

A Beautiful Lodge and Bungalow Camp in the Forest of the Famous French River District

Fishing—Canoeing—Motor Skiffs—Hunting
An Exclusive Resort Limited to 20 Guests
Health Giving Climate
Pleasant Environment
Reservations by wire or mail.

KAGAMAGA CLUB, Pickerel, Ont.

THE LODGE, Baldwin's Mills, P. Q. A small camp in the woods. Fishing, hunting. Rest, comfort. Number of guests limited to 10. MITCHELL, 17 Battery Place (Room 1928), N.Y. City.

Maine

ANDROSCOGGIN HOUSE AND COTTAGES
Wayne, Maine. In central location of lakes. Open May 15 to Nov. Fishing, bathing, tennis, dancing. L. J. & L. D. LINCOLN.

Massachusetts

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.
The Leslie
A quiet, cosy little house by the sea. Now open. Private baths. Booklet. 21st season.

New Hampshire

BEMIS CAMPS
OVERLOOKING KIMBALL LAKE
Near the White Mountains. The place you always wanted to know about, where you could rest and enjoy yourself. Boating, bathing, fishing, tennis, horseback riding, mountain climbing. Nights around the camp fire. Private cabins among the pines. Reduced rates for September. H. C. BEMIS, South Chatham, N. H.

New York

Adirondacks Interbrook Lodge and cottages, Keene Valley, N. Y. "Best moderate-price hotel in mts." Located in spruces and pines. 1,500 ft. elevation. 400-acre farm in connection. State certified Jersey herd. Rates $18 to $20 per week. Illustrated booklet. M. E. LUCK, Prop.

FENTON HOUSE and COTTAGES Adirondacks
Altitude 1,571 ft. A noted place for health and rest. Write for folder and particulars. C. FENTON PARKER, Number Four, N. Y.

Keene Valley Inn, Keene Valley, N. Y.
Adirondack Mts. Rates $18 to $30 per week. 75 rooms. Fresh vegetables, own garden. Tennis, dancing, golf course two miles. Special rates for Sept. W. W. BLOCK, Prop.

THE LLOYD, Bellport, L. I. On Great South Bay. Cool, comfortable, charming. Regular guests and week-end parties. Now open.

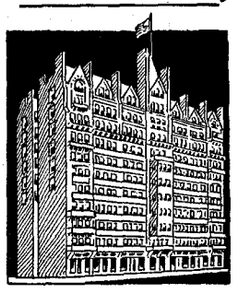
ORIENT PT. INN
Quiet, refined, homelike. Incomparable location, country and seashore. Water sports, tennis. Fresh vegetables, fish, and lobsters. References. Booklet,
E. J. McDONNELL, Orient, L. I., N. Y.

New York City

HOTEL CLENDENING
202 West 103d Street
Within a few minutes of all New York attractions. Comfortable rooms and suites, exceptionally fine cuisine, and an atmosphere that pleases particular people.
Write for Booklet O and Map of New York

Hotel Judson 53 Washington Sq., New York City
Residential hotel of highest type, combining the facilities of hotel life with the comforts of an ideal home. American plan $4 per day and up. European plan $1.50 per day and up.
SAMUEL NAYLOR, Manager.

New York City



HOTEL CHELSEA
23d Street at Seventh Avenue
New York City
12-Story Fireproof Building
Easily accessible to all Railroad Stations and Steamship Piers.
COMFORTABLE
HOMELIKE
REASONABLE RATES
Monthly or Yearly Quotations for permanent guests.
Interesting map O. L. of New York City sent free upon request.
Knott Hotel Chain
ROLFE H. KILBY, Mgr.

Hotel Sherman Square
Broadway at Seventieth Street
Where an air of graciousness and comfort prevails
Away from the crowds but only a few minutes from the center of the city. Spacious, airy rooms, with an exceptionally attractive and homelike atmosphere. Perfect service, excellent restaurant. Furnished and unfurnished apartments available on lease, with complete hotel service. Rates on request.

Vermont

Chester, Vt. THE MAPLES Delightful summer home. Cheerful, large, airy rooms, pure water; bath, hot and cold; broad piazza, croquet, fine roads. Terms reasonable. References exchanged. **The Misses Sargeant.**

THE MAPLES
A QUIET COUNTRY HOME, ATHENS, VT.
In the foothills of the Green Mountains. Absolute rest and quiet. Address G. W. POWERS, Cambridgeport, Vt. R. F. D.

Instruction

Opportunity to become TRAINED NURSE. $15 monthly allowance. Ideal living conditions. Tennis, surf bathing. 3 hours from New York. 8-hour day. 2½ year course. Age 18 to 32; 2 years high school. Send for descriptive folder and application. Southampton Hospital Association, Southampton, Long Island, N. Y.

Tours and Travel

—OUR GREAT TOUR—

EGYPT and the HOLY LAND

From New York January 16, 1926. Delightful Mediterranean Cruise to Alexandria with stops at Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Monaco, Naples, Athens, and Constantinople.

Our own private steamer on the Nile

The tour also includes Palestine, Syria, Asia Minor, Greece, and Italy in the ideal season.

Write for illustrated booklet, now ready:
BUREAU OF UNIVERSITY TRAVEL
15 Boyd Street Newton, Mass.

THE beauty, fascination, and mystery of the Orient lures visitors from all over the world to

JAPAN

The quaintest and most interesting of all countries. Come while the old age customs prevail. Write, mentioning "Outlook" to
JAPAN HOTEL ASSOCIATION
Care Traffic Dept.
JAPANESE GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS
TOKYO
for full information
Rates for a single room without bath and with 3 meals, $5–6 in cities and popular resorts, $4–5 in the country

19 EUROPE 26
JULY AUGUST SEPTEMBER
Comfortable Travel in Cool Countries
What you Want is a PRICE you can Afford
$540 $660 $800 $920 $1005 $1035
WORTHWHILE TOURS
Boston 30, Mass.

Ideal opportunity for autumn motoring party to visit New England seacoast, mountains, and historic places from headquarters in quaint 18th century home by Merrimac River. "Picnic suite" available with open fires, kitchenette, and screened dining-porch. Arrangements by correspondence necessary. H. SPOFFORD, Groveland, Mass.

Real Estate

Connecticut

FOR SALE — Two Hundred Acres wood, pasture, and tillable land, trout streams; 50 fruit trees; State road, near village. Write Judge Child, Woodstock, Conn.

Vermont

HARTFORD, VT.
FOR SALE
Attractive Residence
13 rooms, 2 bathrooms, hot-water heat. Ample grounds. 5 miles from Dartmouth College. **Short drive to Woodstock and Plymouth, Vt.** For particulars address
ROLAND E. STEVENS, Attorney at Law,
White River Junction, Vt.

Live Stock

For Sale: *Coonhounds, Beaglehounds, Fox and Bloodhounds. Booklet 10c.*
Landis Kennels, Mohnton, Pa.

Board—Rooms

WANTED Three paying guests for autumn and winter. Attractive home, all conveniences, near library, post office, academy, and church, in lovely village. Write Miss STOUTENBURGH, "The Home Acre," Woodstock, Conn.

Excellent accommodations are offered in physician's home to elderly person or one requiring some medical supervision. For terms and further particulars write Mrs. Clinton J. Hyde, 63 Gulf St., Milford, Conn.

Apartments

WANTED Furnished apartment in New York City on the West Side, from October to May, by minister and his wife and efficient housekeeper. Answer to Box 83, Blue Point, Long Island.

Property Wanted

Wanted—furnished single cottage in Florida, near the ocean. 2 baths, screened porch, garage. For season commencing December, 1925. Mrs. C. H. LEWIS, North Ridgeville, O.

A Mart of the Unusual

REAL HARRIS HOMESPUNS
DIRECT FROM THE MAKERS
SUITLENGTHS CUT TO ORDER
AT MANUFACTURERS' PRICE
$2.00 per Yd. Carriage Paid
Patterns Free
S. A. NEWALL & SONS, 127 Stornoway, Scotland
State Shades Desired

ORCHID PLANTS FOR SALE
A fine private collection of 800 plants to be sold at once at a great bargain. Among them are many varieties and choice Cattleyas and Lælias. If interested, please apply immediately to 4,405, Outlook.

STATIONERY

WRITE for free samples of embossed at $2 or printed stationery at $1.50 per box. Thousands of Outlook customers. Lewis, stationer, Troy, N. Y.

PERSONAL STATIONERY—200 single or 100 double sheets good bond paper with 100 envelopes to match, printed in blue. $1. Hicks, Macedon Center, N. Y.

PERSONAL STATIONERY, 200 sheets good bond paper with 100 envelopes to match, name, street, and town printed in blue, nicely boxed; $1 cash with order. Rue Publishing Co., Denton, Md.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES

SCHOOLS, hospitals, hotels, clubs tearooms, welfare organizations, supplied with workers. Positions for secretaries, social workers, superintendents, matrons, housekeepers, dietitians, cafeteria managers. The Richards Bureau, 68 Barnes St., Providence.

HELP WANTED

A man of education and refinement, preferably between ages of thirty and forty-five, to be companion to elderly gentleman. Must be tactful and of kindly disposition. Delightful home. References required. 6,217, Outlook.

EARN $110 to $250 monthly, expenses paid, as railway traffic inspector. Position guaranteed after completion of 3 months' home study course or money refunded. Excellent opportunities. Write for free booklet CM-27. Standard Business Training Institution, Buffalo, N. Y.

Other Help Wanted, Situations Wanted, and Miscellaneous Advertisements on next page

In writing to the above advertisers, please mention The Outlook

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HELP WANTED

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite V-5842, Washington, D. C.

HOUSEHOLD economics graduate for working position, September-June, in small White Mt. inn. Must have cooking ability. *A unique opportunity where educated assistants are desired and appreciated.* Apply with full information, 6,259, Outlook.

HOUSEMOTHERS, one for older girls, one for younger boys, in residential school in New York City, beginning September. Opportunity for cultured women to render service with salary a secondary consideration. Conditions ideal. Applicants state qualifications, including education, in first letter. *Previous similar experience not essential.* 6,251, Outlook.

NURSERY governess wanted for three *children, in Cincinnati, about September 15.* References exchanged. Address Mrs. F. V. Geier, Bay Head, N. J.

NURSERY GOVERNESS, Swiss preferred, speaking French—one boy, eight years. Thoroughly experienced, fond of outdoor life. Personal references. Middle of September. Philadelphia. Reply 6,268, Outlook.

SALESMEN wanted. $10 daily easy. We start you in auto accessory business. No investment, no experience necessary. Exclusive territory. Motor Products Co., 1760 Lunt Ave., Chicago.

SITUATIONS WANTED

AMERICAN young woman, experienced, can supervise, manage help. Hostess. Prefer girls' select country school. Chaperon. Highest credentials. 6,269, Outlook.

COMPANION to travel. Experienced, capable woman. *Would spend winter in South,* caring for elderly woman or couple, leaving after August. Excellent references. 6,265, Outlook.

ENGLISHWOMAN, educated, capable, and reliable, desires position as companion-housekeeper, or position of trust. 6,266, Outlook.

EXECUTIVE, woman of culture and refinement, as hostess or manager in club, school, or college, or as dietitian. Experienced in each capacity. 6,277, Outlook,

EXPERIENCED poultry woman desires position teaching or in work on farm. 6,273, Outlook.

GOVERNESS-companion. American, ten years' varied experience, free to go anywhere, wishes position. 6,276, Outlook.

MANAGING housekeeper, secretary, or chaperon. American gentlewoman. Entire charge and help. City or country. Excellent credentials. 6,271, Outlook.

NURSE-companion for elderly lady or child. Experienced. Excellent references. Will travel. 6,256, Outlook.

POSITION as companion to elderly lady by clergyman's daughter. Exceptional references. 6,252, Outlook.

POSITION desired by young lady, Canadian, age 22, as companion or governess. Two years at finishing school in Lausanne, Switzerland. Speaks and reads French; artistic; sings and plays piano. Protestant. Best references. Address "D. M.," P. O. Box 1165, Halifax, Can.

POSITION of trust in refined home by tactful, adaptable, intelligent, efficient woman. Nursing experience. Will travel. Unquestionable references. Available Sept. 15. Address Casa Grande Apt., San Diego, Cal. Room 461.

PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPER, competent to direct the domestic department of a small high grade institution. Box 17, Harmon-on-Hudson, N. Y.

REFINED American nursery governess. Experienced. References. 6,267, Outlook.

REFINED, educated woman desires a position as companion, companion-housekeeper, care of gentleman's home and children, or hostess. 6,274, Outlook.

SECRETARY, eight years' experience, three years as executive, responsible, accurate, desires position in New York City. 6,257, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

CARE by graduate nurse and tutoring by teacher for crippled or invalid children in beautiful Connecticut home. If desired, under supervision of own doctor. 6,275, Outlook.

FOR sale. Very beautiful gray and gold luster teaset. $175. 6,169, Outlook.

SHOPPING by New York expert who will send things, services free. References. Hattie Guthman, 309 West 99th St.

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

A Good Day in California

By Bill Adams

You ask me to write of California.

Did you ever see a thirty-two-mule team plodding through the golden grain upon a hot June day, the combined harvester crawling in the sun and dust haze?

The air is still and clear at breakfast time, before sunup. The harnessed mules are munching barley hay. For us are hot cakes and coffee, hot biscuit and bacon. No one has very much to say.

Maybe it is a dewy morning. We must wait until the dew is off the grain.

The sack-sewer is Kentucky, the driver a native son, the machine man a Wisconsin Norwegian, the lever tender lately from his senior year at high school in the county seat thirty miles away across the plain. It will be State University next year. The sack-buck is a short, broad man, built for the lifting of well-filled wheat sacks—an Irishman perhaps, perhaps a "Polander," Italian, Finn, or Scot. It does not matter, provided that his back and arms be strong.

We lean on the corral fence, waiting while the sun climbs higher and the dew dries.

Soon mirages glimmer. The warehouse by the railway track three miles away seems to stand two feet in air.

The sack-buck passes, his sixteen head strung out; five grain-laden wagons behind them.

"Haw, Joe!" calls the sack-buck, with a steady pull upon the single jerk line to his leader's head.

Sun and dust haze all the morning. Dinner at noon, and no one saying very much. Mules eating hungrily. Sun and dust haze all the afternoon. Sweat on the mules. Dust and sweat on the sack-sewer, hat-band to belt. Eyes rimmed with dust. Faces streaked. Clank, rattle, and groan from the big combined.

"Gee, Buck!" from the driver, seated far out and high above his wheeler's withers, flicking his bamboo-pole whip, jerking on the single jerk line to his leader's head.

Day's end is still; the sun gone half an hour ago. Dust clouds from rolling mules in the corral. Fifty mules nosing in the manger by the corral haystack. A squeal now and then when one bites another on neck or shoulder.

There's the boss and his wife, and their kids. There's the cook and her kid. The cook's man is chore-boy. The kid sits between him and the boss.

Hot pork, and potatoes from the patch in the river bottom. Layer cake and pie. Coffee and milk. The boss cuts a piece of pie for the kid.

"Boss, you're shore figurin' to founder that boy," from the machine man.

"My pie ain't never foundered no one yet," from the cook. The boss's wife is smiling. Every one laughs. Little white teeth in the pie.

The girl that taught at the schoolhouse by the corner a mile up the road boards at the ranch house. She has not gone away yet. Her beau is over to supper. They sit surrounded by the boss's kids, her pupils. His pa's harvester starts up in the morning, and he is going to sew sacks.

The chore-boy is helping the cook with her dishes. The schoolmarm and her beau are strolling down the road. The kids are playing on the harvester; the biggest of them out on the driver's seat.

"Gee, Buck! Haw, Buck!"

The moon is rising from behind the Sierras. She is big and round and yellow. We sit on the stoop, her light in our faces. The cook comes out, her apron off, and sits by the high-school boy.

" 'Night, boss," from the machine man. "See you i' th' mornin'."

" 'Night, boss," from the sack-buck.

"Reckon there won't be no dew i' the mornin'," from the driver. " 'Night, boss."

" 'Night," from the boss. " 'Night, boys—a good day to-morrow."

The boss and his wife go in, kids tagging round them.

The moon shines on the ranch house, on the bunk house, on the harvester, the yellow fields, the mule corral, and haystacks.

It's not so much like that to-day. Fewer mules.

The chore-boy's got him a twenty-acre piece in the irrigation district. The lever-tender's a doctor. The schoolmarm's married. Two boys and a girl. The boss's kids—one of them, the one that sat in the driver's seat and called, "Gee, Buck! Haw, Buck!" in the California moonlight, is in France; not coming back. One of the girls teaches by the corner a mile up the road. The other keeps house for her pa. The boss's hair is streaked.

" 'Night. 'Night, boys—a good day to-morrow."

California!

California is my home.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED